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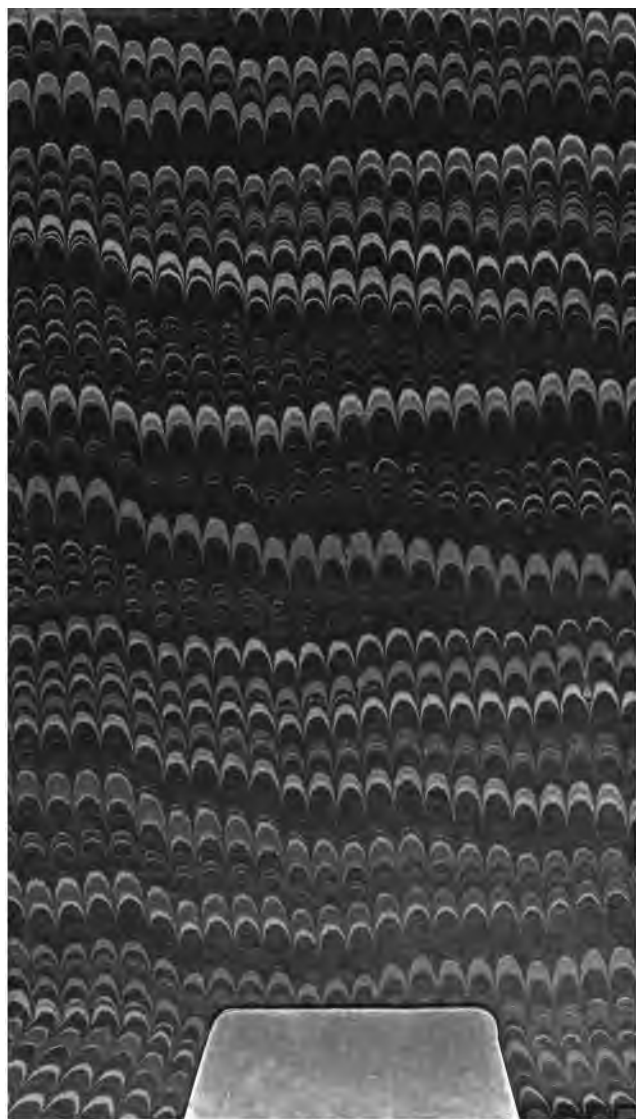
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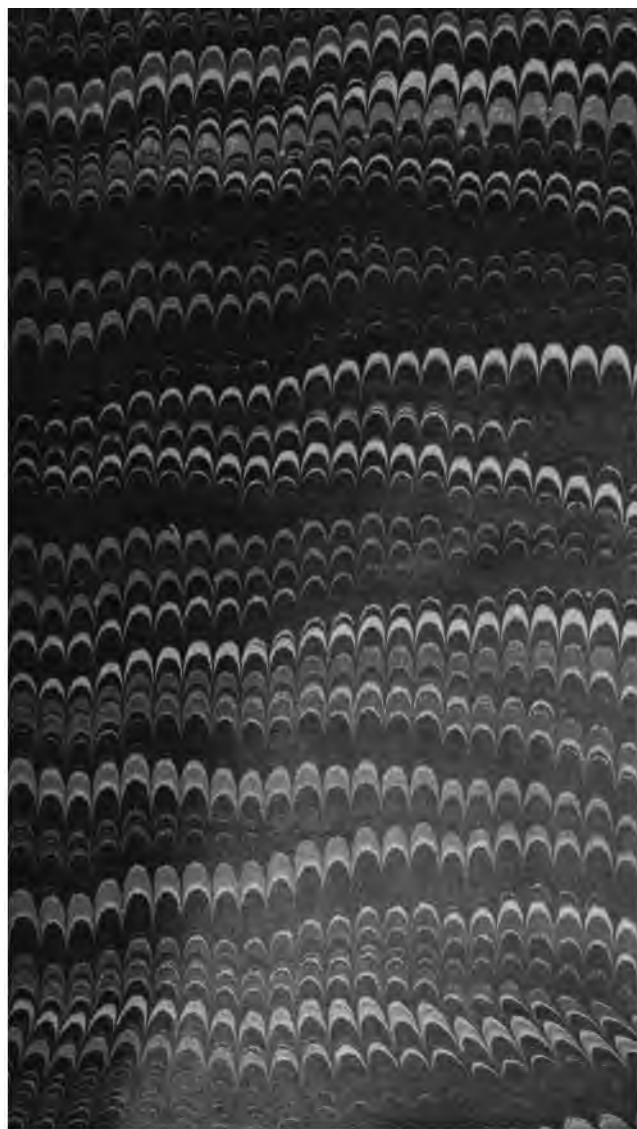
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*Ans. Walker del. et sculp.*

THE  
ART  
OF  
POETRY  
ON A  
NEW PLAN:

Illustrated with a great Variety of  
EXAMPLES from the best ENGLISH POETS;

AND OF  
TRANSLATIONS from the ANCIENTS:

Together with such  
REFLECTIONS and critical REMARKS as may tend to  
form in our YOUTH an elegant TASTE, and render  
the Study of this Part of the BELLES LETTRES  
more rational and pleasing.

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V O L. I.

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L O N D O N :  
*Printed for J. NEWBERRY, at the Bible and S.  
in St. Paul's Church-yard.*  
M D C C L X I I .

2032  
5354

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
*R O B E R T*  
Earl of H O L D E R N E S S E R.

My L O R D,

I Should not have taken the Liberty of addressing these Volumes to your Lordship, which were compiled only for Youth, and are unworthy your Consideration, but you have done me a Favour, my Lord, which I want to acknowledge, and it is uncertain whether I may ever have another Opportunity.

When I, who never had the Honour to be known to your Lord-



iv DEDICATION.

ship, took the Freedom to represent to you, as his Majesty's Secretary of State, the Case of an unfortunate poor Foreigner, who had fallen a Victim to public Clamour, and was about to be torn from a Wife and Children, destitute of all the Necessaries of Life, you heard me, my Lord, and you relieved them with that Readiness, that Alacrity, and Chearfulness which will ever distinguish a noble, beneficent and generous Mind.

Though this Relation may be grateful to others, it will, I know, be disagreeable to your Lordship; for great Minds receive no Pleasure from what may have the appearance of Adulation; but yet I hope to stand excused, since this Acknowledgement is a Duty that I owe, *not only* to your Lordship, but to *the Public*; for if I mistake not, the

## DEDICATION v

the only Use of reciting the Virtues and Actions of the Great, is to make others emulate their Example; and if all Dedications, like this, were written from the Heart, and instead of the usual Terms of Compliment, contained some Portion of the Patron's Life, which was worthy the Imitation of others, every such Address would prove an Incitement to great and good Actions, and be often of more Consequence to the Public than the Book itself.

I have the Honour to be, my Lord, with the most perfect Gratitude and Respect,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

most obliged, and

most obedient Servant,

*St. Paul's Church-  
yard, Nov. 12,  
1761.*

JOHN NEWBER



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**M**R. NEWBERRY begs leave to recommend these and the subsequent Volumes to the young Gentlemen and Ladies who have read his little Books. In those he attempted to lead the young Pupil to a Love of Knowledge, in these he has endeavoured to introduce him to the Arts and Sciences, where all useful Knowledge is contained. This may be said, he apprehends, without depreciating the Classics, which are ever to be held in Esteem, but are to be esteemed principally for being the Keys of Literature, and for disclosing to us the Taste and Wisdom of the Ancients.

The Reader will perceive that a very free Use has been made of the Works of many Authors, and the Nature of the Subject required it; for it is in Criticism, as in Life, one good Example is worth many Precepts.

The Examples here collected from different Books will give no Offence, it is hoped, either to the Authors or Proprietors; for, whatever may be the Fate of these Volumes, they can neither depreciate the Merit of those Books, nor anticipate their Sale; but will, we apprehend, have a contrary Effect.

## viii    A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

In some Parts of the Work, and especially towards the latter End, Sentiments and Reflections will be found which may appear, perhaps, singular; but, it is presumed, they will not on that account be thought impertinent. They are generally concerning Things with which Learning has little to do, but where Nature herself is to be consulted, and here no Preeminence is to be claimed in Consequence of a superior Education; since every Man can best feel how he is affected.

Whatever Value these Reflections and Observations may have, the Examples introduced will always have their Merit, and will, we hope, lead the young Student to a careful perusal of the Volumes from whence they are extracted.

C O N-

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## ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 41, Line 7. dele *We come now to*. P. 49, l. 12. for *that* read *which*. P. 53, l. 39. for *Poetry* r. *Poetry*. P. 84, in the Note, for *Tibia* r. *Tibi*. P. 85, l. 15. for *where* r. *were*. P. 168, l. 10. dele *in*. P. 174, l. 12. for *assimulated* read *assembled*. P. 175, l. 13. for *ever* r. *over*. *Ibid.* Line 37, for *white Ash*, read *wild Ash*. P. 189, l. 36. for *Hair* read *Hare*. P. 205, l. 10. for *Paise* read *Praise*. P. 214, l. 19. dele *winner*. P. 216, l. 21. for *male* read *meal*. P. 250, line the last, for *barborous* read *barbarous*.

## ERRATA TO VOL. II.

Page 19, Line 2. for *lays* read *lies*. P. 96, l. 2, of the Note for *Operation* read *Oppression*. P. 204, l. 16. for *Wreck* read *Wak*. P. 341, l. 14. for *Obborance* read *Abhorrence*.



## THE INTRODUCTION.

**I**F the sciences were to be estimated by their antiquity, Poetry would undoubtedly bear the palm from all others, since it is, we may suppose, nearly as old as the Creation, and had its being almost with the first breath of mankind.

When *Adam* came from the hands of his all-bountiful Creator, and found himself in the plains of Paradise, amidst an infinite number of creatures, *so fearfully and wonderfully made* \* ; when he saw every herb, plant, and flower rise up for his use and pleasure, and every creature submit to his will; when he heard the morning's dawn ushered in with the orisons of birds, and the evenings warbled down with notes of thanks and gratitude; when all nature exulted in praise of the omnipotent Creator; when *the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy* †, could man, thus highly favoured of heaven, withhold his tribute?—No,

---

*—when all things that breathe  
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell: forth came the human pair.*

\* *Psalms,*

† *Job xxxviii. 7.*

*And join'd their vocal worship to the Choir  
Of Creatures wanting voice.—*

————— *both stood*

*Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven  
Which they beheld, the moon's<sup>\*</sup> resplendent globe,  
And starry pole :—Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day ! \**

Poetry in its infant state was the language of devotion and love. It was the voice and expression of the heart of man when ravished and transported with a view of the numberless blessings that perpetually flowed from God the fountain of all goodness.

————— *all things smil'd*

*With Fragrance, and with Joy their hearts o'erflow'd. †*

Enraptured thus with the love of God, and filled with an awful idea of his power, glory, and goodness ; the soul, incapable of finding words in common language suitable to its lofty conceptions, and disdaining every thing low and vulgar, was obliged to invent a language intirely new. Tropes and figures were called in to express its sentiments, and the diction was dignified and embellished with metaphors, beautiful descriptions, lively images, similies, and whatever else could help to express, with force and grandeur, its passion and surprise : disdaining common thoughts and trivial expressions, it explores all Nature and aspires at all that is sublime and beautiful, in order to approach perfection and beatitude. Nor was this sufficient.—The mind dissatisfied with culling only the most noble thoughts, arrayed in forcible and luxuriant terms, and perceiving the sweetness which arose from the melody of birds, called *in music to its aid* ; when these illustrious thoughts, *dignify'd and dress'd with pomp and splendor*, were

\* Milton's *Para life Lost*.

† *Ibid*.

## INTRODUCTION. iii

so placed as to produce harmony : the long and short, the smooth and rough syllables were variously combined to recommend the sense by the sound, and elevation and cadence employed to make the whole more musically expressive.

Hence poetry became the parent of music, and indeed of dancing ; for the method of measuring the time of their verses, *per Arsin et Thesis*, and of beating the bars or divisions of music, gave rise, we may suppose, to this art, and taught the feet also to express the transports of the soul \*. To the truth of these reflections, which are drawn from nature, every one will assent, who considers how he is affected by poetry and music ; for no man can resist the natural impulse he will have to dance, or agitate the body at certain combinations of words and of sounds, unless he be unhappily possessed of one of those gloomy minds described by Shakespeare †. And this will in some measure account, not only for the great antiquity of dancing, but for its application to religious ceremonies even in the first ages of the world. Poetry, Music, and Dancing, were used by the Israelites of old in their worship, and are thus employ'd by many of the eastern nations, and by the Indians of America to this day.

What we have said of the origin of poetry will account for the necessity there is for that enthusiasm, that fertility of invention, those sallies of imagination, lofty ideas, noble sentiments, bold and figurative expressions, harmony of numbers, and indeed that

\* *Ducunt Choreas et Carmina dicunt.*

VIRG.

† The man that hath no music in himself,  
That is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice



natural love of the grand, sublime, and marvellous, which are the essential characteristics of a good poet. The poet, not satisfied with exploring all nature for subjects, wanders in the fields of fancy, and creates beings of his own. He raises floating islands, dreary deserts, and enchanted castles, which he populates, by the magic of his imagination, with satyrs, nymphs, fairies and gnomes; and from imaginary things excites real pleasure, and furnishes the mind with solid instruction. He not only, like *Midas*, turns every thing he touches into gold, (but what has never yet been fabled) he soars beyond the regions of *Æther*, and brings gold out of nothing. From these bold and enthusiastic flights, poets are said to be divinely inspired, since these qualifications are not to be obtained by art, but derive their source from nature, and are the gifts of heaven alone.

But this divine science, originally intended for the worship of God, was in process of time debased; and when men forsook the Lord of Life, apply'd to inferior purposes. It was call'd in to the praise of legislators and great men. This use was made of it not only by the eastern nations, but by the Greeks, Romans, and by the ancient bards in Britain, who, as history tells us, made songs in praise of their heroes, which they adapted to music, and sung to their harps. Of late indeed Poetry has been most shamefully prostituted; but that is no argument against its excellency. Has not its sister *Eloquence* shared the same fate, and been employ'd to unjust purposes, and to obtain the most wicked ends? This therefore it has in common with other sciences, and in consequence of the general depravity of mankind.

But the excellency of *Poetry*, and the attractive charms of the Muses, may be estimated by the number of votaries they have obtained; since there are few men, how cold and phlegmatic soever, but have some time or other paid their court to the la

## INTRODUCTION.

of Parnassus. And this general affection for the art will render any apology needless that might be made for the publication of this volume; in which we have not satisfied ourselves with writing *dull receipts how poems may be made* \*, but have, (together with such rules as are necessary for the construction of English verse and of the various species of Poetry) presented the reader with variety of examples from our best and most celebrated English poets.

What is said on versification is indeed but little, yet it is what was thought abundantly sufficient. In short, no more could be introduced that would be useful; and to incumber a young student in any science with useless rules, is increasing his difficulty, retarding his progress, and like loading a man with arms which may hinder his march, but can afford him no defence or assistance on the road.

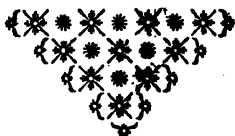
The rules observed by the ancient poets were adapted to the ancient tongues, but will not suit our language, since the quantity, or that space of time, whether long or short, in which any syllable is pronounced, is generally determined by the accents. And the harmony of *Milton's* numbers will be found not to depend on the rules of quantity, but on other principles. He has not confined himself to the *Iambic*, which is the measure adjudged to our English heroics, but compounded his verses with other feet, and so diversified his measures, by judiciously varying the *Cæsural Pause*, that he has given them a variety of harmony not to be met with in other poets, and avoided a constant tedious uniformity, that would have been ever lifeless, dull, and disagreeable.

I shall conclude these reflections in the words of an author of great taste and judgment §. *Versification, says he, is in Poetry what colouring is in painting*

\* *POPE'S Essay on Criticism.*

§ *LORD LANSDOWN.*

a beautiful ornament. But if the proportions are just, the posture true, the figure bold, and the resemblance according to nature, tho' the colours happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet the picture shall lose nothing of its esteem. Such are many of the inestimable pieces of *Raphael*: whereas the finest and nicest colour that art can invent, is but labour in vain when the rest is in disorder; like paint bestow'd on an ill face, whereby the deformity is render'd but so much the more conspicuous and remarkable. It would not be unseasonable to make some observations upon this subject, by way of advice to many of our present writers, who seem to lay the whole stress of their endeavours upon the *Harmony* of words: Like *Eunuchs* they sacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our Poetry to be like *Echo*, nothing but *Eound*.





# THE ART of POETRY.



## CHAP. I.

*Containing a Definition of POETRY, and the Qualifications  
of a true POET.*

**P**OETRY is the art of *composing poems, or pieces in verse,* in order to *please* and to *instruct*. But a skill in making verses, or writing in numbers, is one of the least qualifications of a good poet; for a person of an indifferent genius may be taught to compose verses that will flow smoothly, and sound well to the ear, which yet may be of no value for want of strong sense, propriety, and elevation of thought, or purity of diction. A true poet is distinguished by a fruitfulness of invention, a lively imagination tempered by a solid judgment, a nobleness of sentiments and ideas, and a bold, lofty, and figurative manner of expression. He thoroughly understands the nature of his subject; and, let his poem be never so short, he forms a design or plan, by which every verse is directed to a certain end, and each has a just dependence on the other; for it is this produces the beauty of order and harmony, and gives satisfaction to a rational mind.—The duke of Buckingham, in his *Essay on Poetry*, very justly observes:

Numbers, and rhymes, and that harmonious sound  
Which never does the ear with harshness wound,  
Are necessary, yet but vulgar, arts :  
For all in vain these superficial parts  
Contribute to the structure of the whole,  
Without a *genius* too, for that's the soul ;  
A *spirit*, which inspires the work throughout,  
As that of nature moves the world about ;

A heat which glows in every word that's writ;  
 'Tis *something of divine*, and more than wit;  
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.

A poetical genius is the *gift of nature*, and cannot be acquired; nor can the want of it be supplied by art or industry: but where such a genius is found, it may be assisted by proper rules and directions; and such we shall endeavour to lay down.



## C H A P. II.

*Of the Structure of English Verse; and of RHYME:*

**I**N order to make verses, you must understand that syllables are distinguished into *long* and *short*; and this length or shortness is called their *quantity*. Of *two*, *three*, and sometimes more syllables, the antients formed their poetical feet, giving each of them a different name. Thus a foot consisting of two long syllables, was called a *spondee*; of a short one follow'd by a long one, an *iambic*; of a long one followed by two short ones, a *dactyle*, &c. and of these feet they compos'd various kinds of verses.

But there is very little variety of feet in the *English* poetry, the *iambic* being, as it were, the sole regent of our verse, especially of our *heroics*, which consist of five short and five long syllables intermixed alternately, though this order is sometimes beautifully varied by our best poets, as an excellent writer observes:

Two syllables our *English* feet compose,  
 But *quantities* distinguish them from prose.  
 By *long* and *short*, in various stations plac'd,  
 Our *English* verse harmoniously is grac'd:  
 With *short* and *long* heroic feet we raise,  
 But these to vary is the poet's praise;  
 For the *same sounds* perpetually disgust:  
*Dryden* to this variety was just.

After all, the *quantity* of the syllables in ours, and other languages, is not well fixed; nor need we be very

solicitous about it in the composition of verses. The number of syllables, the *pause*, and the *seat of the accents and emphasis*, are the chief things to be considered in the *English* verification.

*Accent* is a particular stress or force of the voice, laid upon any syllable in speaking, as upon *fi* in *finite*, upon *in* in *infinite*; and *emphasis* is that stress or force of the voice which is laid on some particular word or words in a sentence to express the true meaning of the author.

In *English* verse, it is the accent that denominates a syllable *long*, rather than the nature of the vowel, diphthong, &c. though *accent* and *quantity* are, in reality, two different things,

It is not enough that verses have their just number of syllables; for the words must be so disposed, as that the *accent* and the *pause* may fall in such places, as to render them harmonious and pleasing to the ear.

This *pause* is a small rest or stop which is made in pronouncing the longer sorts of verses, dividing them into two parts, each of which is called an *hemistich*, or *half-verse*: but this division is not always equal, that is, one of the hemistichs does not always contain the same number of syllables as the other. This inequality proceeds from the seat of the accent, that is strongest in the first hemistich; for the pause is to be made at the end of the word where such accent happens, or at the end of the word following; as will presently be shewn.

*Metre*, or *measure*, which is such an harmonious disposition of a certain number of syllables as above mentioned, is all that is *absolutely necessary* to constitute *English* verse; but *rhyme* is generally added to make it more delightful.

Now *rhyme* is a likeness of sound between the last syllable or syllables of one verse, and the last syllable or syllables of another.—When only one syllable at the end of one line rhymes to one syllable at the end of another, it is called *single rhyme*, as *made, trade*; *confess, distress*: but when the two last syllables are alike in sound, as *drinking, thinking*; *able, table*; it is called *double rhyme*. We have also some instances of *treble rhyme*, where the three last syllables chime together; as *charity, parity, &c.* But this is seldom or never admitted in serious subjects, and in such the *double rhyme* is to be used but sparingly.

You are further to observe, that the consonants wh

precede the vowels where the rhyme begins, must be different in each verse; so that *light* and *delight*, *vice* and *advice*, *move* and *remove*, must not be made to rhyme together; for though the signification of the words are different enough, the rhyming syllables are exactly the same, and good rhyme consists rather in a *likeness* than a *sameness* of sound. From hence it follows, that a word cannot rhyme to itself, nor even words that differ both in signification and orthography, if they have the same sound; as *hair*, *air*; *prey*, *pray*; *bleau*, *blue*, &c. Such rhymes indeed, and others equally bad, as *nation* and *affection*, *villainy* and *gentry*, *follow* and *willow*, where the likeness is not sufficient, were allowed of in the days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of our antient poets, but are by no means to be admitted in our modern compositions. It may be farther observed, that the rhyming of words depends upon their likeness of *sound*, not of *orthography*; for *laugh* and *quaff*, though differently written, rhyme very well together; but *plough* and *cough*, though their terminations are alike, rhyme not at all.

That sort of verse which has no rhyme is called blank verse; some specimens of which will be given hereafter. We have verses of several measures containing seldom less than *four*, nor more than *fourteen* syllables; in speaking of which I shall begin with those that are mostly in use.



### C H A P. III.

#### Of the several sorts of English VERSES.

THE verses chiefly used in our poetry, are those of ten, eight, and seven syllables; especially the first, which are used in heroic poems, tragedies, elegies, pastorals, and many other subjects, but generally those that are grave and serious.

In this sort the words are commonly so disposed, that the accent may fall on every *second*, *fourth*, *sixth*, *eighth*, and *tenth* syllable; as in the two following lines.

*From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.*

But (as we have intimated already) this order may be frequently dispensed with, without destroying the harmony of the verse; nay, it adds a peculiar beauty to the poetry, to indulge such a variety now and then, especially in the first and second syllables of the line, of which the following is an instance, where the accent is on the first syllable, and not on the second.

Nów to the máin the búrning fún descénds.

The pause to be in verses of this kind (as I have before observed) is determined by the seat of the most prevailing accent in the first half-verse, which ought to be either on the *second, fourth, or sixth* syllable; and the pause must immediately follow the word where this accent happens, or the word after it.

In the following lines you have instances of each of the cases mentioned, where the ruling accent only is marked, and the pause denoted by a dash—.

*First Case.*

As búsy—as inténitive emmets are.  
Despise it—and more noble thoughts pursue.

*Second Case.*

Belinda smil'd—and all the world was gay.  
So fresh the wound is—and the grief so vast.

*Third Case.*

Some have at first for wits—then poets pass'd.  
And since he could not save her—with her dy'd.

The pause is sometimes to be allowed of in other places of a verse; but then the verses are not quite so agreeable to the ear, as is evident from the following instance:

Bright Hesper twinkles from afar—away  
My kids—for you have had a feast to-day.

Here is nothing disagreeable in the structure of these verses but the pause, which in the first of them (you see) is after the *eighth* syllable, and in the latter after the *second*; whereas so unequal a division cannot produce any true harmony.

It must be confessed, that the prevailing accent is set



times not easily distinguished, as when two or three in the same verse seem equally strong; in which case the sense and construction of the words must be your guide. And after all, a person who has a tolerable ear for poetry, will have little occasion for rules concerning the *pause* or the *accents*, but will naturally so dispose his words as to create a certain harmony, without labour to the tongue, or violence to the sense.

Next to verses of *ten* syllables, those of *eight* are most frequent in our poetry, whereof we have many entire poems. In these verses, as in the former, the accents generally fall on every second syllable, but not without exception, as you will see in the following example :

A shów'r of sóft and fléecy ráin  
Fálls, to new-clóthe the éarth agáin;  
Behóld the móuntains tóps aróund,  
As íf with fúr of érmin crówn'd.

The verses next to be considered, are those of *seven* syllables, which are called *anacreontic*, from *Anacreon*, a *Greek* poet, who wrote in verse of that measure.

The accents in this kind of verse, fall on the *first*, *third*, *fifth*, and *seventh* syllables, as in the following lines :

Glitt'ring stónes and gólden thínghs,  
Wéalth and hónours thát have wíngs,  
Ever flútt'ring tó be góne,  
Wé can néver cáll our ówn.

As for verses of *nine* and *eleven* syllables, they are not worth our notice, being very seldom used, except those which are of double rhyme, and properly belong to the verses of *eight* and *ten* syllables.

There is a kind of verse of *twelve* syllables, having the accent on every *third*, which is only made use of in subjects of mirth and pleasantry, as are those of *eleven* syllables, which run with much the same cadence. But there is another sort of *twelve* syllables, which are now and then introduced amongst our heroics, being sometimes the last of a *couplet*, or two verses, as in the following instance.

The ling'ring soul th' unwelcome doom receives,  
lad, murmur'ing with disdain,—the beauteous body leaves.



only in heroics; for in odes they are gracefully placed after verses of any number of syllables whatsoever.

The shorter kinds of verses are chiefly used in operas, odes, and our common songs; but they have nothing in them worth notice. We meet with them of *three*, *four*, *five*, and *six* syllables; but those of *four* and *six* are most common, of which let the following specimen suffice:

The battle near  
When cowards fear,  
The drum and trumpet sounds;  
Their courage warms,  
They rush to arms,  
And brave a thousand wounds.

It is now proper to say something of the *elisions* or *contractions* that are admitted in our poetry, according as the measure requires.



#### C H A P. IV.

*Of the ELISIONS allowed of in ENGLISH POETRY; and  
some miscellaneous Remarks.*

*E*lision is the cutting off one or more letters, either from the beginning, ending, or middle of a word, whereby *two* syllables are contracted into *one*, and are so pronounced.

In words of three or more syllables, which are accented on the last save two, when the liquid *r* comes between two vowels, that which precedes the *r* is frequently cut off; as in *temperance*, *difference*, *flatterer*, *victory*, *amorous*, and others; which, though three syllables, and often used as such in verse, may be contracted into two when the measure requires it; and this contraction is denoted by a little mark called an *apostrophe*, the words being written or printed *temp'rance*, *diff'rence*, *flatt'rer*, *vict'ry*, *am'rous*, and pronounced accordingly. An elision is made of both vowels before the *r* in *lab'ring*, *endeav'ring*, *neighb'ring*, and such like words.

Sometimes a vowel is cut off before the other liquids *m*, *n*, when found between two vowels in words accented.

ed like the former ; as in *fab'lous, en'my, mar'ner*, instead of *fabulous, enemy, mariner* : but this ought to be avoided, the sound being harsh and ungrateful.

Contractions are agreeable enough in some words of three syllables, where the letter *s* happens between two vowels, the latter of which is cut off ; as in *reas'ning, pris'ner, bus'ness*, &c.

The letter *o* between *ll* and *w*, in words of three syllables, suffers an elision ; as in *fall'wer, bell'wing*, &c.

When the vowel *e* falls between *v* and *n*, and the accent lies upon the foregoing syllable, it is frequently cut off, as in *beav'n, sev'n, giu'n, driv'n*, &c. The same vowel is also cut off in the words *pow'r, flow'r*, and others of the like termination.

The words *never, ever, over*, may lose the consonant *v*, and be thus contracted, *ne'er, e'er, o'er*.

Most words ending in *ed*, which we contract in our common discourse, may also be contracted in poetry ; as *low'd, threaten'd, expresi'd, ador'd, abandon'd*, &c.

Some words admit of an elision of their first syllable ; as *'mong, 'mongst, 'tween, 'twixt, 'gainst, 'bove*, &c. are used instead of *among, amongst, between, betwixt, against, above*.

Instead of *it is, it was, it were, it will, it would*, we sometimes use *'tis, 'twas, 'twere, 'twill, 'twould*. So likewise *by't*, for *by it* ; *do't*, for *do it* ; *was't*, for *was it*, &c. But these last contractions are scarce allowable, especially in heroic poetry.

*Am* may lose its vowel after *I* ; as *I'm*, for *I am* : and so may *are* after *we, you, they* ; as *we're, you're, they're* ; for *we are, you are, they are* : we also sometimes use the contraction, *let's*, for *let us*.

The word *have* suffers an elision of its two first letters, after *I, you, we, they* ; as *I've, you've, we've, they've*, for *I have, you have, we have, they have*. So *will* and *would* are often contracted after the personal pronouns ; as *I'll* for *I will*, *he'd* for *he would*, &c. or after *who*, as *who'd* for *who would*, *who'll* for *who will*, &c.

The particle *so* sometimes loses its *o* when it comes before a verb that begins with a vowel ; as *'s avoid, 's increase, 's undo*, &c. but this elision is not so allowable before nouns, and seldom used by correct writers.

When the particle *the* comes before a word that begins with a vowel or an *h* not aspirated, it generally loses its

as *th' immortal*, *th' expressive*, *th' amazing*, *th' honest*, &c. and sometimes before an aspirated *b* when an *e* follows it; as *th' heroic*, &c. but elisions of this last kind are not to be commended.

Sometimes the *o* in *who*, and the *y* in *by*, is cut off before words beginning with a vowel; as *wh' expose*, for *who expose*; *b' oppression*, for *by oppression*: and other contractions of this kind are to be met with in some of our poets; but such a liberty is by no means to be indulged.

The pronoun *his* sometimes loses its first letters after words ending with a vowel; as *to's*, *by's*, for *to his*, *by his*; and after several words that end with a consonant; as *in's*, *for's*, for *in his*, *for his*, &c. But this is rather to be observed than imitated.

These are the elisions and contractions most usually made in our versification; the rest may be learnt by reading our best modern poets; for the liberties taken by some of our antient ones are not to be encouraged.

There are a few more particulars relating to this subject that are worth observing. In the first place, it may be laid down as a general rule, that whenever one syllable of a word ends with a vowel, and the next begins with another, these two syllables in verse are to be considered as *one* only, except when either of the syllables is the seat of the accent. Thus *region*, *valiant*, *beau'teous*, *mutual*, and such-like words, are to be reckon'd only as *two* syllables in poetry; and so *ambition*, *familiar*, *perpetual*, *presumptuous*, *superior*, and other words of the same nature, though consisting of four syllables, are to be used in verse as *three*.

The words *diamond*, *diadem*, *violet*, and a few others, may be excepted from this rule; which, though accented on the first vowel, are sometimes used but as *two* syllables.

In general the ear is to be consulted; we must consider how words are pronounced in reading prose, and observe how they are used by the best poets, and we shall seldom fail either with respect to justness of measure or propriety of contractions. It will very much add to the beauty of our verse to avoid, as much as possible, a concurrence of *clashing vowels*; that is, when one word ends with a vowel and the next begins with another, which occasions what is called an *hiatus*, or gaping, and is very disagree-

able to the ear. Mr. *Pope* has censured this fault, and given us an instance of it in the following line :

Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire.

For this reason the *e* of the particle *the* is generally cut off (as has been observed) before words that begin with a vowel.

It is not well to make use of several words in a verse that begin with the same letter, unless it be to suit the sound to the subject. And observe, that though verses consisting wholly of monosyllables are not always to be condemned, (nay, possibly may be very good) yet they ought to be seldom used, a series of little low words having generally an ill effect in our poetry. Be careful also not to make use of expletives, that is, such words as contribute nothing to the sense, but are brought into the verse, merely to fill up the measure. These two last faults Mr. *Pope* has taken notice of, and exemplified in the following verses :

While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Take care likewise not to end a verse with an adjective, whose substantive begins the next verse; and the same is to be observed with respect to a preposition, and the words it governs. In short, avoid every thing that tends to destroy that agreeable cadence and harmony which is required in poetry, and of which (after all the rules that can be laid down concerning it) the ear is the most proper judge. Remember, however, that easy and flowing numbers are not all that is requisite in versification; for, as the last-mention'd excellent poet observes,

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

We now proceed to the beauty of thought in poetry, and to give some farther directions concerning the poetic style.



## C H A P. V.

*Of the BEAUTY of THOUGHT in POETRY.*

**A**S we have already treated of thoughts and style in the preceding volume, under the article *Rhetoric*, this chapter and the ensuing may, perhaps, seem like a repetition, and be thought useless; but it is to be considered, that though thoughts in poetry and prose differ but little, (except in pieces of fiction) a sublime thought being still the same, whether expressed in prose or verse, yet as the diction of poetry is very different from that of prose, and as this volume is intended to stand alone, and to be read distinctly from the other sciences, it will be here necessary to say something on these subjects, which are the foundation of elegance and sublimity.

Thoughts may, not improperly, be called the foundation or body of a poem, or discourse; and the style, or diction, the dress with which they are decorated; for the choicest and most brilliant expressions will be looked upon as mere empty and contemptible sounds, unless they are animated with good sense and propriety of thought: but on the contrary, a new and beautiful thought will affect us agreeably, though unadorned, because it strikes the imagination with its novelty, and carries with it some degree of information, which it has drawn from truth and nature.

Thoughts are the images of things, as words are the images of thoughts, and they are both, like other pictures and images, to be esteemed or despised, as the representation is just and natural, true or false.

The thoughts we find in the best authors are natural and intelligible; they are neither affected to display wit, nor far-fetched to discover learning; but are such as arise, as it were spontaneously, out of the subject treated of, and seem so inseparable from it, that we cannot conceive how it could have been otherwise express'd with so much propriety.

*Were we inclined to give instances of false and unnatural thoughts, enough might be found in the works of our modern poets, and not a few even among the ancients, especially Ovid, Lucan and Seneca.*

This celebrated passage in *Lucan*,

*The heav'ns entomb the man that wants an urn,*  
which is apply'd to soldiers that are slain in the field and lie unburied, may, at first view, seem elegant and ingenious; but when we consider that the carcass of a horse, a kite, or a crow is entomb'd in the same manner, the appearance of wit will subside. For *wit* (in the sense it is used when apply'd to polite composition) is *elegance of thought*, which adds beauty to propriety, and not only pleases the fancy, but informs the judgment.

It is amazing, that one of the best poets this nation has produced should have been the author of the following wretched lines :

*Thou shalt not wish her thine, thou shalt not dare  
To be so impudent as to despair. —————  
There's not a star of thine dares stay with thee,  
I'll subside thy tame fortune after me.*

Thoughts are more or less just and true, as they are more or less conformable to their object; and entire conformity is, in this respect, what we call the *justness of a thought*; for thoughts are just and fit when they perfectly agree with the things they represent.

Thoughts in poetry, however, may be just without being philosophically true; for it is the poet's business to represent things not as they are, but as they seem to be. In describing the rainbow, for instance, he may with justness dwell on the colours that seem to compose that beautiful phenomenon, though the philosopher should stand by with his prism, to prove that the whole of this appearance was occasioned only by the refraction of the rays of light. Nor are metaphors, hyperboles, ironies, or equivocal expressions, when properly used, nor fiction or fable, any deviation from this rule of *right thinking*; for there is a great difference between *falsehood* and *fiction*, between that which is really false, and that which is only so in appearance. Tropes, figures, and fictions, when they are of any value, are raised on the foundation of right reason; they have truth for their basis, which is recommended and rendered more amiable by those airy disguises.

To think justly, therefore, and to raise beautiful thoughts is not sufficient that they have nothing in them false; sometimes thoughts may become trivial by being only



When *Cicero* applauds *Crassus* on the subject of his thoughts, after observing that they were just and true, he also adds, that they were new and uncommon; that besides truth and justness to satisfy the mind, he had thrown in something more to captivate and surprise it. Truth, says father *Bouhours*, is to thoughts what foundations are to buildings, it supports and gives them solidity; but a building which has nothing to recommend it but solidity, will not please those who are skilled in architecture. Besides solidity therefore, magnificence, beauty and delicacy are required; and these also must find a place in the thoughts of our poems, or they will be ever lifeless and uninteresting. Truth, which on other occasions pleases though unadorned, requires embellishment here: though this ornament is sometimes no more than placing a thought, otherwise common and ordinary, in a new point of light, and giving it an agreeable turn.

*Time flays for no man* is a very true and just thought, but is very plain and common. It is raised; however, and made in a manner new by the following turn:

*Time* in his full career keeps pressing on,  
Nor heeds he the entreaties, or commands;  
Of the poor peasant, or tyrannic king.

So when you tell a sluggard that he has lost an hour in the morning, which he can never recover, you tell him the truth, yet there is no beauty or wit in it, because the thought is trite and common; but in Sir \*\*\*\*'s remark on his friend, *that he lost an hour in the morning, and ran after it all day*, there is wit.

But, as *Longinus* observes, it is those elevated thoughts, which represent nothing but what is great to the mind, that principally heighten and animate our poems. The sublimity and grandeur of a thought will always gratify and transport the soul, if it be just and conformable to the subject; but where that conformity is wanting, dignity will rather disgust than please. To dress up a mean subject with pomp and splendor, is like putting the robes of royalty on a clown, which, instead of procuring him respect and esteem, will reduce him to the lowest degree of contempt and ridicule. The thoughts, therefore, as well as the style, must be suitable to the subject, or the writer will ever miss of his aim.

Sublime thoughts are no where to be found in such plenty, nor perhaps so well decorated, as in the sacred books of the Old and New Testament.—The *Almighty's decking himself with light as with a garment, spreading out the heavens like a curtain, making the clouds his chariot, and riding upon the wings of the wind*, are thoughts amazingly majestic.

*Homer* also abounds with these strains of sublimity. The passages wherein he describes *Jupiter* shaking the heavens with a nod, and *Neptune* enraged at the destruction of the *Grecians*, are nobly conceived, but they fall short of the preceding.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Mean time the monarch of the watry main  
Observ'd the Thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain:  
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,  
Whose waving woods o'er-hung the deeps below,  
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,  
Where *Ida's* misty tops confus'dly rise;  
Below, fair *Ilion's* glitt'ring spires were seen;  
The crouded ships, and sable seas between.  
There, from the crystal chambers of the main  
Emerg'd, he sat; and mourn'd his *Argives* slain.  
At *Jove* incens'd, with grief and fury stung,  
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along,  
Fierce as he pass'd; the lofty mountains nod,  
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.  
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,  
And at the fourth, the distant *Ege* shook.

The thought with which he has described the speed of the celestial coursers is altogether as magnificent. He disdains all comparisons drawn from the wind, hail, whirlwinds and torrents, which he had before apply'd to express the swiftness and impetuosity of his combatants, and to give us an idea of the rapidity of these immortal horses, measures their strokes, as *Longinus* observes, by the width breadth of the horizon.

22      OF the BEAUTY of THOUGHT.

Far as a shepherd from some point on high  
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,  
Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,  
At every leap th' immortal courfers bound.      POPE.

*Milton's Paradise Lost* is replete with these sublime thoughts; among which, the several descriptions he has given us of *Satan* are admirably adapted to raise terror in the imagination of the reader.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest mate,  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed, his other parts beside  
Prone on the flood, extending long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood——  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great Admiral, were but a wand  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps.

And in another place :

————— he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower : his form not yet had lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of glory obscur'd : As when the sun new-ris'n  
Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs ; darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all the arch-angel.—————

As *Homer* has described *Discord*, and *Virgil Fame*, with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads extended above the clouds, *Milton*, in imitation of them, has thus described *Satan* ;

——— On th' other side, *Satan* alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might dilated stood  
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd :  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
horror plum'd———

The breaking up of this infernal assembly is also well described.

Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote————

The following speech of *Satan* to the *Sun* is very beautiful, and, as Mr. *Addison* observes, has some transient touches of remorse and self-accusation.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O *Sun*, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

We cannot leave *Milton*, without pointing out other passages that are as sublime as those we have already quoted : for such are his undrawn chariots that move by instinct ; his everlasting gates of heaven, that self-open'd wide on golden hinges moving ; and the Messiah attended by angels, looking down into Chaos, calming its confusion, and drawing the first out-lines of the creation ; which is thus happily described.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
Said then th' omniscient word, your discord end :

Nor staid, but on the wings of cherubim  
Up-listed, in paternal glory rode  
Far into *Chaos*, and the world unborn ;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice : him all his train  
Followed in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

## 24 Of the BEAUTY of THOUGHT.

This universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O World.

The description he has given us of the angel *Raphael* is likewise nobly conceived, and finely delineated.

—————Six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament; the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colours dipp'd in heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tintur'd grain! Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide —————

There is something singularly sublime and beautiful in the following passage, transcribed from a poem, entitled, *The Omnipotence of the divine Being*, by Mr. Smart.

• When Philomela, ere the cold domain  
 Of crippled winter 'gins t' advance, prepares  
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade  
 Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?  
 Who points her passage thro' the pathless void  
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown?  
 Her science is the science of her God.  
 Not the magnetic index to the north  
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon.  
 She, heav'n-taught voyager, that sails in air,  
 Courts nor coy west nor east, but instant knows  
 What NEWTON or not sought, or sought in vain\*.

Illustrious name, irrefragable proof  
 Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!  
 Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,  
 Before creation form'd them, long before  
 He measur'd in the hollow of his hand  
 Th' exulting ocean, and the highest heav'ns

\* The Longitude.

He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd  
The mighty mountains in his golden scales :  
Who ~~stone~~ supreme, who was himself the light,  
E'er yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,  
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

It would here be unpardonable to pass over all those sublime and animated descriptions we have of the Morning ; which the writers of heroic and tragic poetry have labour'd so much to heighten and variegate, that one would think they had exerted their utmost skill and genius, to see who could render that season the most endearing.

*Homer* leads the way, and by a beautiful and well-conceived fiction, describes the morning as a goddess arrayed in a saffron robe, flying in the air, and with her rosy fingers unbarring the gates of light. She leaves the bed of *Tithon* her lover, arises from the sea in a golden throne to usher in the sun, or in a chariot drawn by celestial horses, bearing with her the day, and is preceded by a star, which is her harbinger, and gives signal of her approach.

*Virgil* follows *Homer*, and never loses sight of him, as will appear by the following descriptions.

*Aurora* now had left her saffron bed,  
And beams of early light the Heav'ns o'erspread.

The morn began from *Ida* to display  
Her rosy cheeks, and phosphor led the day.

And now the rosy morn began to rise,  
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies.

Now rose the ruddy morn from *Tithon's* bed,  
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread ;  
Nor long the sun his daily course with-held,  
But added colours to the world reveal'd.

The morn ensuing from the mountain's height  
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light ;  
Th' ethereal courfers, bounding from the sea,  
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.

*Tasso* had most probably *Homer* or *Virgil* in view when wrote the following lines :

The purple morning left her crimson bed,  
 And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue ;  
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,  
 In *Eden's* flow'ry gardens gather'd new.

And *Spenser*, who excels in description, has the same sort of images diversified.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,  
 Weary of aged *Tithon's* saffron bed,  
 Had spread her purple robes thro' dewy air,  
 And the high hills *Titan* discovered ;  
 The royal virgin shook off drowsy head,  
 And rising forth out of her baser bower,  
 Look'd for her knight ———  
 ——— The day forth-dawning from the east,  
 Night's humid curtains from the heav'n's withdrew,  
 And early calling forth both man and beast,  
 Commanded them their daily works renew.

*Milton's* descriptions of the Morning are exquisitely drawn ; and though he has departed as much as possible from the beaten track, yet some traces of the former poets may be evidently seen.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' *eastern* clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.  
 ——— The morn,  
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light ———  
 ——— And now went forth the morn,  
 Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold  
 Empyreal ; from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot thro' with orient beams ———

No descriptions of the morning can be more animated and sublime than those of *SHAKESPEAR* ; yet his thoughts bear great affinity to the preceding.

Look where the morn in ruffet mantle clad,  
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high *eastern* hill.  
 ——— Look, Love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.  
*Night's* tapers are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

These passages may be justly rank'd among grand and sublime thoughts; and though the out-lines seem to have been drawn by *Homer*, on which they have run their several divisions, yet they have all acquitted themselves, so as to obtain the applause of the learned and judicious; for men of judgment will ever consider that nature is still the same, and that where the same object is to be described, the same thoughts, and often the same words, will occur, if the descriptions are just and natural.

We have attributed the first instance of describing the morning in this beautiful manner to *Homer*, yet it is to be observ'd, that there is much of this sublime imagery in the sacred writings, from whence some hints may probably have been taken. Thus it is said of the sun, that *He cometh forth out of his chamber as a bridegroom, and exulteth as a giant who is to run his race.*

Besides these thoughts, which captivate with their grandeur and sublimity, there are others that equally affect us by their agreeableness or beauty. The first please, because they have something great, which always charms the mind, whereas these please only because they are agreeable.—— Comparisons and descriptions, taken from florid and delightful subjects, form agreeable thoughts, in the same manner as those we take from grand subjects form those that are sublime.

The writings of the holy penmen are replete with these thoughts; but as the beauties of the bible are in every hand, and to be seen every day, we shall select what examples we have room to admit from our *English* poets. The description, however, which *Solomon* has given us of Wisdom, ought not to be omitted, because it is sufficient, one would think, to make every man in love with her.

*Length of days are in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*

There are many passages in Mr. *Smart's* poem on the Immenfity of the Supreme Being, which contain agreeable thoughts; but that of the Ring-dove's nest is, I think, remarkably so :

---

What are yon tow'rs,  
The work of lab'ring man, and clumsy art,  
Seen with the ring-dove's nest?—On that tall beak



Her penfile house the feather'd artist builds—  
 The rocking winds molest her not ; for see,  
 With such due poize the wond'rous fabrick's hung,  
 That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps  
 True to itself and stedfast even in storms.  
 Thou ideot, that asserts there is no God,  
 View, and be dumb for ever. —————

Innumerable are the beauties of this agreeable kind that might be drawn from the poets, both ancient and modern. Those who would see more of these descriptive beauties, may abundantly gratify their curiosity in our volume of *Rhetoric*, where many are inserted to illustrate the figures in that science. It is to be observed, however, that those where the tender passions are concern'd, are not only more affecting, but often more pleasing than others, as may be seen by this speech of *Eve* to *Adam*, in *Milton's Paradise Lost*; and by other passages which we shall insert from that ever to be admired poem.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
 All seasons and their change, all please alike :  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
 With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,  
 Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild : then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

*Adam* on seeing *Eve* asleep with unusual discomposure in her looks, regards her, as Mr. Addison observes, with a tenderness not to be expressed, and awakens her with the softest whisper that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was to find unawaken'd *Eve*  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek  
 As though unquiet rest : he on his side  
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces : then with voice  
 Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus ; awake  
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring  
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrtle, what the balmy reed ;  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.  
 Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye  
 On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus she spoke—  
 O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd————

The passage relating to *Eve's* dream, where she fancies herself awakened by *Adam*, is extremely beautiful ; and will appear the more so, when we consider that it was a dream in which the devil is supposed to have tainted her imagination by instilling into her mind those *high conceits engendering pride*.

Close at mine ear, one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou *Eve* ? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
 If none regard ; heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?  
 In whose sight all things joy, with rapture  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze !

That part of the narration, where *Adam* is said to

cheared and instructed *Eve*, is amazingly beautiful; and the effect his admonition produced in her, and his behaviour on that occasion, is finely conceived, and most exquisitely described.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair.  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

In that part of the *Episode* where *Adam* relates to the angel the circumstances he found himself in upon his creation, the author has raised our curiosity, and he has abundantly gratified it; for nothing could on that occasion have been better conceived, or better expressed, especially the account *Adam* gives of the posture he found himself in, the landscape round him, his address to the sun, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*.

——As new wak'd from foundest sleep,  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward heav'n my wand'ring eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmur'ing streams; by these,  
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd:  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

——Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,  
Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here?

*Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Man like, but different sex: So lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now*

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.

After receiving some admonitions from the angel, *Adam* explains himself on the subject of his love for *Eve*, in order to prove that his passion was founded on reason, and therefore, though violent, not improper for *Paradise*.

Neither her outside form so fair, nor ought  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
 So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions mixt with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul.

The force of *Adam's* love, which we have already been describing, is exemplify'd towards the latter end of the work in many beautiful passages; and the dispute that arises between our two first parents, proceeds, as Mr. *Addison* justly observes, from a *difference of judgment, not of passion; it is managed with reason, not with heat; and is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, when man was happy and innocent.* His parting with *Eve* is remarkably natural and affectionate.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

His impatience for her return, and his employment during her absence, are most beautifully expressed.

— *Adam* the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her royal labours crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.

Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But his affection is more particularly and emphatically expressed in the speech he makes on seeing her irrecoverably lost.

——Some curst fraud  
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die;  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should God create another *Eve*, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart: no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

After this determination, *Adam* is represented as partaking of the forbidden fruit, the effects of which rash action are thus described; though rather in the *sublime* than the *agreeable*.

——He scrupled not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,  
Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

*Adam*, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him, is represented as upbraiding *Eve* for the loss of *Paradise*, whom he spurns from him with indignation. This passage, in which she renews her addresses to him, is, in the opinion of the best judges, extremely pathetic and affecting.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but *Eve*  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.  
For sake me not thus, *Adam*! Witness heav'n

What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceiv'd ! Thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not  
 (Whereon I live) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength and stay : Forlorn of thee  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
 Between us two let there be peace.

The complaint which *Eve* makes, on hearing that they were to be driven out of *Paradise*, is not only beautiful, but soft and suitable to the sex.

Must I then leave thee, *Paradise* ? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend  
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation and my last  
 At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave you names ;  
 Who now shall rear ye to th' sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ; from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ?

The speech which *Adam* makes upon the same occasion, is equally affecting, but is conceived and expressed in a manner more elevated and masculine : the following part of it especially.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed countenance ; here I could frequent  
 With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree

### 34 Of the BEAUTY of THOUGHT.

Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd ;  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers.  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

Agreeable and well conceived fictions have also a good effect either in prose or verse, and always please readers of taste and judgement. *Pliny* the younger, in order to engage *Cornelius Tacitus* to follow his example, and study even when hunting, tells him, that the exercise of the body exalts the mind ; and that if he took his tablets with him, he would find that *Minerva* delighted as much in the forests and mountains as *Diana*. A fiction prettily conceived, and in few words. A kin to this is the image (or fiction of a person) which *Milton* has given us in what he calls his song of the *May* morning ; which is extremely beautiful, especially that part of it describing *May* led in by the morning star, and throwing from her green lap the flowers of the season.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire ;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

But the agreeable often arises from an opposition, especially in thoughts which have two meanings ; or when a person agitated by passion asserts and contradicts himself almost in the same breath, as in the scene of *Shakespeare's*

*Romeo and Juliet*, where she, to induce her lover to stay, cries,

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day :  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree :  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

But after a moment's reflection, she corrects herself, and replies,

It is, it is, hie hence, begone, away ;  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

That figure which seems to deny what it advances, and in appearance contradicts itself, is, when properly applied, extremely elegant.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once. SHAKS.

But these thoughts are to be admitted with great caution and judgment ; for the partition here between wit and nonsense is so very slender, that many writers have broken through it, and converted what they intended for a beauty into a blot, by presenting their readers not with a seeming contradiction, but a real one. Nor are we to suppose that a thought cannot be agreeable or beautiful, unless it glitters with ingenious conceits, or a play of words ; for in some cases, beauty may consist in simplicity alone, and be, in its place, like a plain pillar in some building, the only proper, and therefore the best ornament. Besides, it is impossible for a writer to be upon the sublime and the beautiful from one end of his piece to the other, nor will any subject admit of it ; some things must occur that require common thoughts and a common stile ; but if they did not, and it was possible for a poet to keep up to the same elevated strain, yet would he miss of his aim, and rather disgust than please ; for the mind would be deprived of the refreshment and recreation it takes in passing from things that are excellent to those that are common, and of the delight which springs from surprise ; neither of which can obtain, where all things appear with undistinguished



lustre. The poet therefore should imitate nature, who has diversified the world with vales and mountains, rocks and lawns, trees, fruits, flowers, smiling fields and dreary deserts, purling streams and horrible cascades ; and, like nature too, he should place them in such due opposition, that they may embellish and set off each other.

There is a third species of thoughts, whose agreeableness, beauty, and merit, is owing to their delicacy, and which it is easier to conceive than describe. A delicate thought is a most excellent production, and as it were the very quintessence of wit. These thoughts have the property of being comprised in a few words, and the whole meaning is not at first so obvious, but seems partly concealed, that the mind of the reader might be gratified in the discovery. This little mystery, says father *Boubours*, is as it were the soul of delicate thoughts ; and those that have nothing mysterious either in their foundation or turn, but discover themselves at first sight, are not of the delicate kind, however ingenious they may be in other respects.

*Cicero*, in his oration for *Ligarius*, tells *Cæsar*, that 'tis usual for him to forget nothing but injuries.

Dr. *Garth*, in his dedication to Mr. *Henley*, says, *A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one ; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.*

'Tis hard, to think well of you should be but justice, and to tell you so should be an offence : thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues ; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

Compliments that are thrown obliquely, and under the disguise of a complaint, are extremely delicate and pleasing.

In *Pope* I cannot read a line,  
But with a sigh I wish it mine ;  
When he can in one couplet fix  
More sense than I can do in six,  
It gives me such a jealous fit,  
I cry, pox take him and his wit.  
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*  
In my own humourous biting way.  
*Arbutnot* is no more my friend,  
Who dares to irony pretend,

Which I was born to introduce,  
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.  
*St. John*, as well as *Pultney*, knows  
 That I had some repute for prose ;  
 And, till they wrote me out of date,  
 Could maul a minister of state.  
 If they have mortified my pride,  
 And made me throw my pen aside ;  
 If with such talents heav'n has blest 'em ;  
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ? SWIFT.

Let humble *Allen*, with an awkward shame,  
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. POPE.

But besides these delicate thoughts which have an ingenious turn, there are others whose beauty depends solely on the delicacy of sentiment ; as when the poet says, that *the evening dews are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun*.

I have attempted (says a young gentleman in a letter to his mistress) *to pursue your advice, and divert myself by the subject you recommend to my thoughts : but it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the mind at once from an object, which it has long dwelt upon with pleasure. My heart, like a poor bird which is hunted from her nest, is still returning to the place of its affections, and, after some vain efforts to fly off, settles again where all its cares and all its tenderesses are centered.*

FITZOSBORN'S LETTERS.

But of this sort of delicate thoughts, enough may be seen in the passages we have extracted from *Milton*, who abounds with every kind of beauty.

One true characteristic of delicate thoughts (especially of those first mentioned) is, that they are not capable of being translated out of one language into another, without losing great part of their true spirit or essential quality. And this is the case also with what we call *true humour*, which is like those delicate flowers that will lose their beauty, if not their being, when transplanted into a foreign climate.

The inimitable character *Shakespeare* has drawn of *Falstaff*, might be understood perhaps in any other language, but would fail of the effect it has in the original ; as would the description *Butler* has given us of *Honour*, and many other parts of his celebrated poem.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
 Tho' drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel  
 Not to be forfeited in battle.  
 If he that is in battle slain  
 Be in the *bed* of Honour lain,  
 He that is beaten may be said  
 To lie in Honour's *truckle-bed*.  
 — Honour in the breech is lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
 Because a kick in *that part* more  
 Hurts Honour, than deep wounds *before*.

HUDIBRAS.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,  
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife;  
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
 And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

But as humour is the offspring of nature only, and not to be taught, or perhaps cultivated, by any rules, it does not fall within our compass; for to attempt any directions for obtaining that which nature alone can bestow, would be absurd and ridiculous.

Besides the thoughts we have already mentioned, there are others called brilliant thoughts, whose excellency consists in a short and lively expression, and which are made pleasing by a point of wit that strikes us by its boldness and novelty, and charms us with its ingenious and uncommon turn. These thoughts may be admitted into most of the species of poetry, when introduced cautiously and with propriety; but their peculiar provinces seem to be the *satire* and the *epigram*; of which last they are the very essence; and indeed most of those shining and striking thoughts which we find in our best satires, have, when abstractedly and separately considered, all the essential properties of the epigram, *viz. brevity, beauty, and point of wit*. We shall give a few instances in confirmation of what we have advanced from the satires of Dr. Young, and more may be found in the subsequent part of this volume, in the satires of Mr. Dryden, Mr. Pope, and others.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?  
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate :  
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
 Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.  
 Shall men like figures pass for high, or base,  
 Slight, or important, only by their place ?  
 Titles are marks of *honest* men and *wise* ;  
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,  
 Provides a home from which to run away.  
 In *Britain* what is many a lordly seat,  
 But a discharge in full for an estate ?

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,  
 Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?  
 While I a moment name, a moment's past,  
 I'm nearer death in this verse than the last ;  
 What then is to be done ? be wise with speed :  
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule no doubt  
 A fool *in* fashion but a fool that's *out* ;  
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,  
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue ;  
 Man is not all the game they have in view :  
 In woods and fields their glory they complete,  
 There *master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd gate ;  
 While fair *miss Charles* to toilets is confin'd,  
 Nor rashly tempts the bar'brous sun and wind.

But these thoughts, however pleasing, should never be introduced where the passions are concerned ; nor indeed are descriptions and similies there to be admitted, unless they are extremely short, and such as may be naturally thrown out by the conflicts of the soul, and help to express its passion and surprise : for to put points of wit, luxuriant descriptions, and beautiful similies into the mouths of persons agitated by passion, or labouring under the agonies of death, as is too frequently done in our tragedies, is offering violence to nature. Joy, grief, and ~~and~~ are most naturally expressed by exclamations, sudden ~~as~~

and broken sentences ; and even when nature is thus disturbed and agitated, a seeming incoherence may be pardonable ; but studied decorations can never be admitted.

There is another fault which young people are mighty apt to give into, and that is what may be called, *running down a thought*. When they have started a thought which is in itself beautiful, and would dignify their work, they never know when to part with it, but keep tricking it up till they have turned the fine gentleman into a fop, and rendered that which was inestimable, of no manner of value.——Seasonable silence has its emphasis.——'Tis not in these works of genius prudent to be over explicit ; for it not only borders on vanity, and carries with it a supposition, that nobody can discern a beauty except yourself, but deprives the reader also of the pleasure he would otherwise have of employing his own sagacity. In short, the writer should never say so much, but that the reader may perceive he was capable of saying more ; for the hunting down a thought, and tiring the reader with a repetition of tedious particulars, is ever the mark of a little trifling genius.

And here we are also to observe, that the too frequent use of *wit*, or, in other words, the filling any discourse or poem with too many of those thoughts we have been describing, is not to be tolerated.

Another fault which often does befall,  
Is when the wit of some great poet shall  
So overflow that it be none at all \*.

A poem, like a dinner or a desert, may be made too rich, and, instead of gratifying, disgust. Poetry indeed admits of more ornament than prose ; but true taste and right reason abhors luxury in both. Besides, there are other thoughts to be introduced into every work which neither strike us with their grandeur, beauty, delicacy, or pointed wit, but which are fraught with good sense and solidity ; that carry weight in their meaning, and sink deep in the understanding : these, therefore, and common thoughts, are to be considered as the basis and superstructure, and the other as the ornamental parts of the work ; which should not be forced in to display wit and fancy, but introduced

\* Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry.

to constitute *beauty*, *variety*, and *order*; and arise naturally out of the subject treated of, and seem so inseparable from it, that every reader may think he should have so expressed it himself: in short, though the thoughts were not obvious to the reader before, they should appear so now; which, as Mr. Addison observes, is the true character of all fine writing.—We come now to



## C H A P. VI.

*Of the STYLE of POETRY.*

**A**FTER dwelling so long on thoughts in poetry, little need be said of the poetic style; for the passages we have selected to illustrate the thoughts, may serve as so many examples of style also.

The beauty of style in general consists in a proper choice of words, so connected that they may express the conceptions of the mind clearly, and with a becoming dignity; for the style is to be esteemed in proportion as it is expressive of the thoughts it is designed to convey.

As words are intended to express our thoughts, they ought to grow out of them. Since the most natural are the best, and proper expressions are generally connected with the ideas themselves, and follow them as the shadow does the substance. Those who think clearly, therefore, will always write so, provided they are masters of the language, and have obtained for the memory a good stock of expressions, by a constant perusal of the best and most elegant authors.

We are to observe, however, that poetry has a language peculiar to itself, which is in many respects very different from that of prose.—For as the poet's design is principally to please, to move the passions, and to inspire the soul with noble and sublime sentiments, he is allowed great latitude of language, and may use such bold expressions and uncommon modes of speech, such frequent repetitions, free epithets, and extensive and adorned descriptions, as are not to be admitted in prose. Thus, for instance, in describing a lawn near to a grotto in a wood, the prose writer says, *Come to her grotto, which is shaded by a grove, there is a beaut*

*lawn edged round with moss.* Which the poet would probably have described in this manner.

Cloſe to her grott within the grove,  
A carpet's laid that nature wove ;  
Which time extended on the ground,  
And tuſſ'd with moſs the ſelvaſe round.

Poetry endeavours to expreſs things paraphraſtically, or in ſhort deſcriptions, rather than in ſimple terms ; and in thoſe deſcriptions, the proſopopœia is often uſed. Thus *Milton*, when deſcribing the ſinging of the nightingale, ſays, *Silence was pleaſed* ; and that at the riſing of the ſun, *the hours unbarr'd the gates of light*. Which office *Homer* assigns to the morning.

Soon as the Morn, in orient purple dreſt,  
Unbarr'd the portals of the roſeate eaſt.

The royal Pſalmiſt tells us, the clouds drop fatneſs, and the hills rejoice, that the fruitful fields ſmile, and the valleys laugh and ſing. And theſe ſhort allegories and images, which convey particular circumſtances to the reader after an unuſual and entertaining manner, have a fine effect in poetry, that delights in imitation, and endeavours to give to almoſt every thing, life, motion, and ſound ; but theſe would in proſe appear very ridiculous and pedantic. In poetry likewise, we often put particulars for generals, and frequently diſtinguiſh and allude to men, places, rivers, mountains, &c. by various names taken from any of their adjuncts, which proſe will rarely admit of. In ſhort, poetry is a ſort of painting in words ; the thoughts are the figures, and the words are the colours, the lights and ſhades with which they are cloathed and preſented to the imagination of the reader. The verſe therefore (though poetry delights in harmony, which excites a pleaſure that makes its way directly to the ſoul) is not to be always harmonious, but ſhould be ſo contrived, as *Mr. Pope* obſerves, that the ſound may echo to the ſenſe, and be rough or ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow, according to the idea or thought it is intended to elucidate. The following paſſage from his *Eſſay on Criticiſm* (ſome allowances being made for the ſecond line and for the laſt) is in this caſe both a precept and an example.

Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ;  
 Not so when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,  
 Flies o'erth' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

But before we speak of the several sorts of style, it will be proper to take some notice of the epithets, tropes and figures of which they are principally compounded ; since it is by these different modes of speech that the poet is enabled to vary a discourse almost to infinity ; to shew the same object in a thousand different forms, and all of them new ; to present pleasing images to the senses and imagination, to address them in the language they love, to express small matters with grace, and the greatest with a nobleness and sublimity equal to their grandeur and majesty.

Nothing contributes more to the beauty of the poetic style than epithets properly employed ; and *Quintilian*, and *Rollin* after him, observes, *that poets make use of them more frequently and more freely than orators. More frequently, because it is a great fault to overload a discourse in prose with too many epithets ; whereas in poetry, they always produce a good effect, though in ever so great a number. More freely, because with the poets it is enough that the epithet is suitable to the word it is annexed to : But in prose, every epithet which produces no effect, and adds nothing to the thing spoken of, is vicious.* Great deference should be paid to authors so deservedly eminent in the literary world : we must however beg leave to observe, that the latitude they have given us for the use of Epithets, is a little too extensive ; since nothing tires a reader more than too great a redundancy of them, and especially when they are useless, and thrown in, as they too often are, to make out the measure of the verse. Epithets can never be admitted with propriety, unless they excite some new idea, or give some illustration and ornament to the substantives to which they are annexed ; and it is with this view that they are used in *Milton*, and our best poets ; where we also find many that are compounded, such as *bright-hair'd Vesta*, *smooth-shaven green*, *cloud-capt tower*, *vale-swelling lily*, &c. which have a peculiar beauty w<sup>h</sup>



properly applied, as indeed have those that are not compounded when they decorate and illustrate the substantive, or raise some new idea in the mind; but how absurd and ridiculous are many that we meet with in some of the poets? such, for instance, as *watery* floods, *burning* fire, *cold* ice, *arrow-bearing* quiver; which convey nothing to the mind of the reader, and when examined, carry no other meaning than *watery* water, *hot* heat, *cold* cold, *arrow-bearing* arrow-bearer. But even the best epithets may be so frequently used as to overload a discourse, and make it heavy, languid, and disagreeable. A good poem, like a rich dish, consists of many dainties so judiciously mixed, as to form one compound that is perfect and pleasing; no ingredient should predominate; for too great a portion of any one, however palatable it may be in itself, will rob the rest of their flavour. Besides, a luxuriancy of epithets tends to make the style prolix and flaccid, and robs it of that strength and force with which every discourse should be animated; for the shorter and closer the style the stronger. And even where some of the passions are concerned, or the subject is preceptive, and intended to inform the judgment, they are to be used very sparingly; for a redundancy of epithets will here break in upon perspicuity, and render that obscure, which would have been otherwise very plain and intelligible. In confirmation of this opinion, I must beg leave to observe, that the funeral oration of *Mark Anthony* in *Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar*, which is one of the most artful, pathetic, and best speeches that ever was penned in the *English* language, has hardly an epithet from the beginning to the end. There are indeed adjectives and participles to the substantives, but these are not to be called epithets, since they make up the essential part of the description; whereas, what we call epithets, are added only by way of ornament and illustration.

But this is said not with an intention to lessen the reader's esteem for epithets, since it is certain, that they are most admirably adapted to description, and so essential to poetry, that the beauty of its style depends in a great measure on their use, which *Homer*, *Virgil*, and the best poets were so sensible of, that their works abound with them. And in some places many epithets are joined to the same

substantive without any conjunction between them, and are often thus more elegant and expressive.

An eyeless monster, hideous, vast, deform!

VIRGIL.

————— Immediately a place

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark.

MILTON.

————— And the plain ox,

That harmless, honest, guileless animal,

In what has he offended? He, whose toil,

Patient, and ever ready, cloaths the fields

With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,

And wrestling groan beneath the cruel hands

Even of the clowns he feeds?

THOMSON.

What therefore we contend for, is their proper application; we would have the poet, like a good architect, distinguish ornament from strength, and put each in its proper place; for as nothing adds more beauty to a poem than just and ornamental epithets, so nothing gives more grace to a building than windows well decorated; but no man would for that reason stick his house full of them, and displace those pillars which should support the fabric, to let in more light than is necessary.

The poet indeed, as *Quintilian* has observed, is here greatly indulged, and may use these bewitching ornaments more frequently and more freely than the orator; but both ought to take care that they are not too redundant, for elegance abhors a verbose luxuriance either in prose or verse.

We come now to speak of tropes and figures, materials which the poet handles very freely; but as we have treated largely of these in our volume of *Rhetoric*, we shall not take up the reader's time with an illustration of them here: besides, they are perhaps better and more easily obtained from experience than precept; for every one who is conversant with the best authors, and reads them with due attention, cannot be unacquainted with the figures of speech, and the art of applying them, though he never looked for them in the rhetoric of

schools, or ever heard so much as a definition of their names. Nor will this appear at all mysterious, when we consider, that the works of the antient poets and orators are the gardens from whence these flowers were taken.

Those which the young student will be most liable to err in, are the metaphor, the simile, and the description, and therefore a few cautions respecting these may be necessary.

Metaphors are always agreeable, and have a good effect when they are drawn from nature, and connect ideas that have a due relation to each other; but when they are forced, foreign, and obscure, they are altogether as insipid, absurd and ridiculous.

In similes or comparisons, the chief and essential parts should bear an exact and true proportion. A small disagreement in a less considerable circumstance, will not indeed spoil the figure; but the more exact the parallel is in every particular, the more perfect and lively it will be; and therefore similes are generally best when short; for, besides that tediousness tires, by running into minute circumstances, you are in danger of discovering some unpleasing disproportion. Similes need not be always drawn from lofty subjects; for those taken from common things are significant and agreeable, if they are clothed with proper expressions, and paint in strong and lively colours the things we intend they should represent. In grand subjects, similes that are drawn from lesser things relieve and refresh the mind.

Descriptions, which by historians and orators are used cautiously and through necessity, either to describe persons, things and places, or to affect the passions, are often in poetry introduced only by way of decoration, and that with success. Great judgment, however, is required in the distribution of this figure. Whether it be intended to move the passions, or to please the fancy, it must answer the end proposed; and therefore it is never to be admitted but when some point can be obtained. A little wit never betrays himself more than when by attempting to display his genius, he throws in descriptions that have no connection with the subject in hand, and are therefore a dead weight to it. These versifiers are likewise too apt to lay hold of every hint that presents itself, and to run out into big common-places; whereas the man of real genius and

judgment considers that many things must be left to gratify the imagination of the reader, and therefore cuts off all superfluities, however pleasing, and rejects every thing that would seem abrupt and foreign to his subject. He discards likewise all low and vulgar circumstances, and employs his genius in beautifying the essential and more noble parts.

That painting as well as poetry so much affects us, is chiefly owing to the justness and elegance of description. Pieces of portraiture and history, as well as landscapes, if the figures are nobly designed, and finely executed, if the perspective be good, the lights and shades just and natural, and the whole bold and free, will always please; and so it is with poetry, the descriptions in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, and *Shakespeare*, will live for ever, and, like the pieces of *Raphael*, always feed the imagination with pleasure.

The power of description in poetry is very great, and there is more use made of it than is generally imagined; for however the modes of expression have been multiplied, many of them will be found to be little more than descriptions: thus images are descriptions only heightened and animated; allusions and similes, descriptions placed in an opposite point of view; epithets are generally descriptions of the substantives they precede, or some of their properties; every metaphor is a short description and comparison united; and the hyperbole is often no more than a description carried beyond the bounds of probability; and it is chiefly owing to their descriptive power that these figures strike the imagination so forcibly, and impress such lively images on the mind.

We are now to speak of the different sorts of style, which have been usually divided into the plain, mediate, and sublime. *Virgil* may be pointed out as a perfect pattern in each, that is to say, his *Bucolics* have been esteemed for the plain style, his *Georgics* for the mediate, and the *Æneid* for the sublime. Though in many parts of each, examples may be seen of them all; for there are few poems of any merit that can be wrote in the plain or mediate style only, without partaking of the other; nor are there any that are in all places sublime. Even the epic poem and the tragedy have their under parts; common things as well as great

must be introduced, and both are to be expressed and treated according to their nature and dignity.

The sublime style has the property of expressing lofty ideas in a lofty language; that is to say, with words that are sonorous and majestic, and suitable to the grandeur of the subject.

He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,  
Illustrious far and wide——  
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd ;  
At his command th'uprooted hills retir'd,  
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went  
Obsequious ; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd.

—————Up he rode,  
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies : the earth, the air  
Resounding ; (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)  
The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open ye everlasting gates, they sung,  
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors, let in  
The great Creator from his work return'd  
Magnificent, his six days work, a world.

MILTON.

This description of the Messiah is to be admired for the sublimity of the thoughts, as well as for that of the style ; as indeed is the following description of a tempest by Mr. Thomson.

'Tis dumb amaze, and list'ning terror all ;  
When to the quicker eye the livid glance  
Appears far south, emissive thro' the cloud ;  
And by the powerful breath of God inflate,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice :  
*At first* low muttering ; but at each approach,  
*The lightnings flash* a larger curve, and more  
*The noise astounds* : till over head a sheet  
*Of various flame* discloses wide, then shuts

And opens wider, shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping Æther in a blaze.  
 Follows the loofen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth.

More examples may be seen under the article of Sublime Thoughts.

The sublime style is ever bold and figurative, and abounds more especially with metaphors and hyperboles, the free use of which requires great care and judgment; since without it there is danger of running into bombast, that is generally made up of empty sounding words, or unnatural sentences; absurd methaphors, or extravagant and rash hyperboles.

This caution is necessary, and should be ever in the poet's mind; yet, where the thought is great and noble, a bold and judicious incorrecness, as *Longinus* has observed, may be dispensed with, and will often seem rather a beauty than a blemish. The sublime poet, fired with his subject, and borne away on the wings of fancy, disdains accuracy, and looks down with contempt on little rules—*Laws* are, as it were, insufficient to restrain his boundless mind, which, having expatiated and ransacked the whole universe, soars into other worlds, and is only lost in infinity.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;  
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
 And snatch a grace beyond the rules of art;  
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains  
 The heart, and all its end at once attains. POPE.

We are to observe likewise, that though the sublime style is bold and figurative, sublime thoughts may sometimes require only a plain and simple style, and may even by such contrast appear the more obvious and extraordinary. Many passages of this kind we have in the sacred writings; and one which is particularly applauded as a true instance of sublimity by the great *Longinus*. *And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.* This, as that great critic observes, expresses the power of the Almighty more forcibly and fully than could have been done with a parade of pompous expressions.

"*And God said,—What?—Let there be light, and there was light.*" Such is the amazing power of the great Creator, that (as the Psalmist in the same plain yet sublime manner observes) *He spake, and it was done ; he commanded, and it stood fast.*

Thus we see that sublime thoughts may sometimes appear to advantage in a common style. But the reverse will by no means hold ; for words can have neither beauty nor sublimity, unless the thoughts have both. The sublime style therefore will no more suit common thoughts, than an embroider'd coat would a clown ; for here ornaments are unnatural, nor indeed are mean and trivial thoughts ever thus dressed by good authors, unless it be in works of the burlesque and doggrel kind, to heighten the ridicule.

Sublime and beautiful thoughts, however, require in general words of the same nature, and would often seem mean and contemptible without them. For ornaments properly placed add a beauty to the most beautiful : And kings, however nature may have formed them for majesty, appear to most advantage when arrayed with the imperial robes.

This style is mostly employed in the epic poem, tragedy, and the ode. Though, as we have already observed, the elegy, satire, pastoral, and other poems, may partake of it occasionally. For no particular rule can be laid down for its use, but a *strict observance of nature.*

In direct opposition to this is the plain or humble style, the elegance of which depends on the propriety of its application ; and it is properly applied in describing in a familiar and easy manner the common concerns of life.

Whence is it, Sir, that none contented lives  
With the fair lot, which prudent reason gives,  
Or chance presents, yet all with envy view  
The schemes that others variously pursue ?

Broken with toils, with pond'rous arms oppress,  
The soldier thinks the merchant solely blest.  
In opposite extreme, when tempests rise,  
*War is a better choice, the merchant cries ;*  
*The battle joins, and in a moment's flight,*  
*Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.*

When early clients thunder at the gate,  
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate.  
While, by subpoena's dragg'd from home, the clown  
Thinks the supremely happy dwell in town.

*Francis's* HORACE.

This style, though intended to express common things in a common manner, may sometimes be more courtly, and admit of compliment.

If virtue's self were lost, we might  
From your fair mind new copies write ;  
All things, but one, you can restore ;  
The heart you get returns no more.

WALLER.

This style agrees with comedy, satires, pastorals and epistles, and occasionally fills up the narration and under parts of other poems.

But the young student is here to be cautioned against descending too low ; elegance is to be preserved in every part of composition, and where propriety of character does not demand vulgar expressions, they are always to be avoided.

Between these, as a partition which serves to separate and yet at the same time unite the other two, is the mediate or middle style ; which is suitable to every species of poetry, as it admits of ornament sufficient to distinguish it from the plain and humble, and yet is not animated enough to approach the sublime. Take an example from *Orcney*.

Wish'd morning's come ! and now upon the plains  
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,  
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,  
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.  
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip  
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,  
With much content and appetite he eats,  
To follow in the fields his daily toil,  
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.  
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,  
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up.  
And, looking tow'rd's the neighb'ring pastures, raise  
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morn



The chearful birds too, on the tops of trees,  
 Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes  
 Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

There is also a species of style called the sarcastical or invective, which is peculiar to the satire and the epigram; and when style abounds with figurative expressions, as the epic poem and sublimer ode more particularly do, we call it the florid style.

A style is also said to be concise or diffuse, easy or strong, clear or obscure, brisk or slow, sweet, soft and fluent, or rough and unpleasant; all which are too obvious to need any explication. Abundant instances of these are to be found in our poets, and they are all (except the obscure) proper or improper, according to the nature and subject of the poem in which they appear; but obscurity is never to be admitted; for as the style that is clear is seldom faulty, the obscure and uncouth will always be so, and, after perplexing the mind of the reader, leave him dissatisfied.

The rough style, however disagreeable it may be when improperly applied, enters with grace into several of the species of poetry, but especially into the epic poem and the tragedy; for where things rude and horrible are to be expressed, such words must be used as will represent all their disagreeable and dreadful circumstances. The rough style therefore appears often with majesty and grandeur in the epic and tragedy; where we find it frequently heightened by our best poets with a few antiquated words, which they apprehend adds a dignity and solemnity to the style; but great judgment is here required; none but a masterly hand should make these bold attempts; for if too many obsolete terms are admitted, or improperly placed, instead of dignity and solemnity, dulness and obscurity will succeed.

But here we are to observe, that the passions have a style in a manner peculiar to themselves; for sometimes the pathetic, and even the sublime (especially when united with pity and terror) is more emphatically expressed by a *seasonable silence*, or a few plain words, than by a number of *pompous periods*. We shall give one instance out of a multitude in *Shakespeare*. After a quarrel between Brutus and *Cassius*, in which the justice and generous resentment of

*Brutus*, and the hasty choler and repentance of *Cassius*, with their reconciliation, is nobly expressed; *Brutus* says,

O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cassius*. Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Brutus*. No man bears sorrow better—*Portia's* dead.

*Cassius*. Ha! *Portia*!

*Brutus*. She is dead.

*Cassius*. How 'scap'd I killing when I crost you so?

Here the grief in *Brutus*, and the surprise in *Cassius*, is better expressed than it could have been in a multitude of fine speeches; since indeed both are inexpressible in any other manner.

The passions of anger, grief and joy, as we have already observed, are not to be loaded with studied metaphors, similes and descriptions, as they too frequently are in our *English* tragedies; for here they are highly improper, and therefore inelegant and unaffecting. Nature, in a tumultuous state, has not time to look round her for expressions that are delicate and pretty, but thunders out such as the passion has excited, and those often in broken and interrupted sentences. These passions therefore are, in general, better expressed by sudden starts, suppressions, apostrophes, exclamations, and broken and unconnected sentences, than by a forced and studied dignity. Nor in these need the writer be afraid of expressing himself improperly, if he feels, as he ought to do, the passion he would excite in others; for, as we have elsewhere observed, the mind is extremely ready in culling such phrases as are immediately for her purpose; and this is the reason why the common ignorant people, and even children, when under violent emotions of mind, so often express themselves with force, propriety, and elegance.

The rules and cautions we have here laid down, will at all times be found useful; but none are sufficient to teach this art without daily practice, and a constant perusal of the best authors: to which let me add, that a fertile imagination, a clear conception, and a good ear, are indispensably necessary.—Fancy is the foundation of poetry.—Without a good imagination nothing can be new, and therefore not valuable; without a clear conception nothing can be clearly or elegantly expressed; for where there confusion in the head, perspicuity can never flow from

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pen; and with regard to composition and versification, a good ear is beyond all the rules in the world.

We are now to speak of the laws and rules of the several kinds of poetry, as laid down by the best critics, and to give specimens of such as will fall within the compass of our design.



### C H A P. VII.

#### *Of the different SPECIES of POETRY.*

THE writers on the art of poetry have usually classed the several sorts of poems under the following heads, viz. the Epigram, the Elegy, the Pastoral, the Ode, the Satire, Comedy, Tragedy, and the Epic poem. This distribution, however, seems insufficient, and therefore we hope a deviation from the learned in this respect will not appear arrogant or disagreeable; especially if the alterations we propose should be found to have their basis in truth and right reason.

Every thing in nature, that is distinct and different from all others, should have a name, whereby it may be distinguished without a tedious enumeration of its properties and adjuncts; since a method of that kind would occasion infinite perplexity and confusion, which is ever to be avoided, and especially in matters of science; and, if on mature examination it be found, that there are poems of considerable character which are essentially different from those we have already mentioned, and are not to be resolved into any of them, another distribution may be justified.

The *Epitaph*, on account, perhaps, of the epigrammatic point with which those little pieces are often closed, has been usually classed with the epigram; but as there are numberless epitaphs whose excellency does not consist in thinning thoughts and points of wit, (the characteristics of our modern epigrams) we shall take the freedom to assign them a distinct place.

*Epistles, descriptive and preceptive poems, tales, fables, and allegorical poetry*, deserve the same distinction; for as these methods of writing have obtained much of late, they are of too great consequence to be passed over, and it seems impossible

to treat of them under any other article without manifest incongruity. It may be said, indeed, that many of our epistles (especially those of *Horace* and *Mr. Pope*) partake of the satire; but that is no reason why others that are of a quite different nature should be placed under that head. The *descriptive poems* of *Milton*, I mean his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, as well as *Denham's Cooper's Hill*, *Pope's Windsor Forest*, and others in our language, cannot be classed under any of the usual divisions of poetry; nor indeed can the *preceptive poems* with any degree of accuracy or shew of reason. *Virgil's Georgics*, *Horace's Art of Poetry*, the duke of *Buckinghamshire's Essay*, *Roscommon on translated Verse*, *Pope's Essay on Man*, and his *Essay on Criticism*, are so essentially different and distinct from any of the usual classes, that the critics, with all their art, will never be able to discover any real agreement between them; nor will they deny, I suppose, but that *Virgil's Georgics*, and *Pope's Essay on Man*, deserve as much esteem at least as their *pastorals*, though they have been thus neglected in their division of this art. If it be said, that the other species of poetry often partake of all these different kinds, I answer, that is no objection; for this they occasionally do of each other: even the epic poem, with all its dignity, has sometimes the plaintive strain of the elegy, and the farcasm and asperity of satire.

*Tales* and *fables*, indeed, when they are of any value, are in general either didactic or satirical, and may therefore be resolved into the preceptive poem or the satire; but as there is something peculiar in their composition, we shall assign them a distinct chapter, and deliver what we have farther to say on this art under the following heads, *viz.* the Epigram, the Epitaph, the Elegy, the Pastoral, the Epistle, the Descriptive Poem, the Preceptive Poem, Tales and Fables, the Allegorical Poem, the Ode, the Satire, Comedy, Tragedy, and the Heroic poem, of which the Epic is the most exalted part, and requires the utmost extent of human genius.



## C H A P. VIII.

*Of the EPIGRAM.*

**T**HE *Epigram* is a little poem, or composition in verse, treating of one thing only, and whose distinguishing characters are Brevity, Beauty, and Point.

The word *Epigram* signifies *Inscription*; for epigrams derive their origin from those inscriptions placed by the ancients on their statues, temples, pillars, triumphal arches, and the like; which, at first, were very short, being sometimes no more than a single word, but afterwards, increasing their length, they made them in verse, to be the better retained by the memory. This short way of writing came at last to be used upon any occasion or subject; and hence the name of *Epigram* has been given to any little copy of verses, without regard to the original application of such poems.

Its usual limits are from *two* to *twenty* verses, though sometimes it extends to *fifty*; but the shorter the better it is, and the more perfect, as it partakes more of the nature and character of this kind of poem: Besides, the epigram, being only a single thought, ought to be expressed in a little compass, or else it loses its force and strength.

The *Beauty* required in an Epigram is an harmony and apt agreement of all its parts, a sweet simplicity, and polite language.

The *Point* is a sharp, lively, unexpected turn of wit, with which an epigram ought to be concluded. There are some critics, indeed, who will not admit the Point in an Epigram, but require the thought to be equally diffused through the whole poem, which is usually the practice of *Catullus*, as the former is that of *Martial*. It is allow'd there is more delicacy in the manner of *Catullus*, but the *Point* is more agreeable to the general taste, and seems to be the chief characteristic of the *Epigram*.

This sort of poem admits of all manner of subjects, provided that *Brevity*, *Beauty*, and *Point* are preserved; but is generally employed either in *Praise* or *Satire*.

Tho' the best Epigrams are said to be such as are comprized in *two* or *four* verses, we are not to understand it as if none can be perfect which exceed those limits. Neither the antients nor moderns have been so scrupulous with respect to the length of their Epigrams; but however, *Brevity* in general is always to be studied in these compositions.

For examples of good Epigrams in the *English* language, we shall make choice of several in the different tastes we have mention'd; some remarkable for their delicate turn and simplicity of expression, and others for their salt and sharpness, their equivocating pun, or pleasant allusion. In the first place, take that of Mr. *Pope*, said to be written on a glass with the earl of *Chesterfield's* diamond pencil:

Accept a miracle, instead of wit;  
See two dull lines by *Stanhope's* pencil writ.

The Beauty of this Epigram is more easily seen than described. For my part I am at a loss to determine whether it does more honour to the poet who wrote it, or to the nobleman for whom the compliment is designed.—The following Epigram of Mr. *Prior* is written in the same taste, being a fine encomium on the performance of an excellent painter.

*On a Flower, painted by VARELST.*

When fam'd *Varelst* this little wonder drew,  
*Flora* vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:  
Finding the painter's science at a stand,  
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,  
And, finishing the piece, the smiling said,  
*Behold one work of mine which ne'er shall fade.*

Another compliment of this delicate kind he has made Mr. *Howard* in the following Epigram.

*VENUS mistaken.*

When *CHLOE's* picture was to *VENUS* shown;  
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own.  
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?  
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?  
Pleas'd *CUPID* heard, and check'd his mother's pride  
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd

'Tis CHLOE's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :  
Friend HOWARD's genius fancy'd all the rest.

Most of Mr. *Prior's* Epigrams are of this delicate cast, and have the thought, like those of *Catullus*, diffused thro' the whole. Of this kind is his address

To CHLOE weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair *Chloe*, see  
The world in sympathy with thee.  
The chearful birds no longer sing,  
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.  
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,  
And shed their sorrow in a show'r.  
The brooks beyond their limit flow,  
And louder murmurs speak their woe :  
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares :  
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.  
Fantastick nymph ! that grief should move  
Thy heart obdurate against love.  
Strange tears ! whose pow'r can soften all,  
But that dear breast on which they fall.

The Epigram written on the leaves of a *Fan* by Dr. *Atterbury*, late bishop of *Rocheſter*, contains a pretty thought, express'd with ease and conciseness, and closed in a beautiful manner.

On a FAN.

*Flavia* the least and lightest toy  
Can with resistless art employ.  
This fan in meaner hands would prove  
An engine of small force in love :  
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,  
Not to be told or safely seen,  
Directs its wanton motion so,  
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow,  
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

We shall now select some Epigrams of the biting and satirical kind, and such as turn upon the *Pan* or *Equivoque*, as the *French* call it : in which sort the *Point* is more conspicuous than in those of the former character.

The following distich, in my opinion, is an admirable Epigram, having all the necessary qualities of one, especially *Point* and *Brevity*.

*On a company of bad DANCERS to good Musick.*

How ill the motion with the music suits !  
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

This puts me in mind of another Epigram upon a bad fiddler, which I shall venture to insert merely for the humour of it, and not for any real excellence it contains.

*To a bad FIDDLER.*

Old *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd *Old Nick* ;  
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

One of *Martial's* Epigrams, wherein he agreeably rallies the foolish vanity of a man who hired people to make verses for him, and published them as his own, has been thus translated into *English*.

*Paul* so fond of the name of a poet is grown,  
With gold he buys verses and calls them his own.  
Go on, master *Paul*, nor mind what the world says,  
They are surely his own for which a man pays.

Another Epigram of the same *Latin* poet is very prettily imitated in the following Tetraſtic.

*On an ugly WOMAN.*

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting *Siren* in thy tongue ;  
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd !  
But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

We have a good Epigram by *Mr. Cowley*, on *Prometheus* ill painted ; to understand which, we must remember his story. *Prometheus* is feign'd by the ancient poets to have formed men of clay, and to have put life into them by fire stolen from heaven, for which crime *Jupiter* caus'd him to be chain'd to a rock, where a vulture was set to gnaw his liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured. On this fiction the Epigram is founded.



PROMETHEUS *drawn by a bad Painter.*

How wretched does *Prometheus*' state appear,  
 Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here!  
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,  
 He blame great *Jove*'s less than the painter's hands.  
 It would the Vulture's cruelty out-go,  
 If once again his liver thus should grow.  
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold theft allow;  
 The flames he once stole from thee grant him now.

Some bad writer having taken the liberty to censure Mr. *Prior*, the poet very wittily lash'd his impertinence in this Epigram.

While faster than his cossive brain indites,  
*Philo*'s quick hand in flowing letters writes,  
 His case appears to me like honest *Teague*'s,  
 When he was run away with by his legs.  
*Phæbus*, give *Philo* o'er himself command;  
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand:  
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;  
 So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

But perhaps there are none of Mr. *Prior*'s little pieces that have more humour and pleasantry than the following.

*A reasonable AFFLICTION.*

*Helen* was just slipt into bed:  
 Her eye-brows on the toilet lay:  
 Away the kitten with them fled,  
 As fees belonging to her prey.  
 For this misfortune careless *Jane*,  
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated;  
 And madam getting up again,  
 With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.  
 On little things, as Sages write,  
 Depends our human joy, or sorrow:  
 If we don't catch a mouse to-night,  
 Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

Mr. *Wesley* has given us a pretty Epigram alluding to a well-known text of scripture, on the setting up a monument in *Westminster Abbey*, to the memory of the ingenious *Dr. Butler*, author of *Hudibras*.

While *Butler*, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
 No generous patron would a dinner give.  
 See him when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,  
 Presented with a monumental bust !  
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown ;  
 He ask'd for *Bread*, and he receiv'd a *Stone*.

As these Compositions are short, many of them have the reputation of being written *extempore*, though they are the effect of consideration and study ; the following Epigram, however, has that additional merit ; for which reason, and for it's uncommon Thought, we shall present it to the Reader.

*An EPIGRAM on an EPIGRAM.*

One day in *Chelsea* gardens walking,  
 Of poetry and such things talking,  
 Says *Ralph*, a merry wag,  
 An *Epigram*, if smart and good,  
 In all its circumstances should  
 Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.  
 The simile, i'faith, is new ;  
 But how can'st make it out ? says *Hugh*.  
 Quoth *Ralph*, I tell thee, friend ;  
 Make it at top both wide and fit  
 To hold a budget full of wit,  
 And point it at the End.

We shall close this chapter with an *Epigram* written on the well-known story of *Apollo* and *Daphne*, by Mr. *Smart* :

When *Phæbus* was am'rous and long'd to be rude,  
 Miss *Daphne* cry'd Pish ! and ran swift to the wood ;  
 And rather than do such a naughty affair,  
 She became a fine laurel to deck the God's hair.  
 The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution ;  
 For sure to turn tree was an odd resolution !  
 Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,  
 For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

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C H A P. IX.

Of the EPI TAPH.

THESE Compositions generally contain some Elogium of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased, and have a turn of seriousness and gravity adapt

to the nature of the subject. Their elegance consists in a nervous and expressive brevity; and sometimes, as we have elsewhere observed, they are closed with an epigrammatic point. In these compositions, no mere Epithet (*properly* so called) should be admitted; for here illustration would impair the strength, and render the sentiment too diffuse and languid. Words that are synonymous are also to be rejected.

Tho' the true characteristic of the Epitaph is seriousness and gravity, yet we find many that are jocose and ludicrous; some likewise have true metre and rhyme, while others are between prose and verse, without any certain measure, tho' the words are truly poetical; and the beauty of this last sort is generally heighten'd by an apt and judicious *Antithesis*. We shall give examples of each.

There are in the *Spectator* several old Greek Epitaphs very beautifully translated into *English* verse, one of which I shall take the liberty of transcribing. It is written on *Orpheus*, a celebrated antient poet and musician, whose story is well known. He is said to have been the son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, one of the Nine Muses, the Goddess meant in the last line of the Epitaph.

On O R P H E U S.

No longer, *Orpheus*; shall thy sacred strains  
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains;  
No longer sooth the boist'rous wind to sleep,  
Or still the billows of the raging deep:  
For thou art gone; the Muses mourn'd thy fall  
In solemn strains, thy mother most of all.  
Ye mortals idly for your sons ye moan,  
If thus a Goddess could not save her own.

The ingenious translator observes, that if we take the fable for truth, as it was believed to be in the age when this was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a resigning spirit in the application; but, if we consider the *Point* with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteem'd; though the author himself, because he believ'd it, may still be more valued than any one who *should now* write with a point of the same nature.

The following Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, said to be written by the famous Ben Johnson, is remarkable for the noble thought with which it concludes.

On MARY Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse,  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
*Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother* :  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another  
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Take another Epitaph of *Ben Johnson's*, on a beautiful and virtuous lady, which has been deservedly admired by very good judges.

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die;  
Which when alive did vigour give  
To as much beauty as could live.

Mr. *Pope* has drawn the character of Mr. *Gay*, in an Epitaph now to be seen on his monument in *Westminster-Abbey*, which he has closed with such a beautiful turn, that I cannot help looking upon it as a master-piece in its kind, as indeed are most of the productions of that surprising genius.

On Mr. G A Y.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;  
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :  
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,  
Form'd to delight at once, and last the age :  
Above temptation in a low estate,  
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great :  
A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.  
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust  
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;  
But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

There is something so tender and moving, and such a strain of paternal and filial affection in Mr. *Pope's* Epitaph on Dr. *Atterbury*, that we shall give it a place among the examples, tho' the Critics, perhaps, will object to its be a true Epitaph.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, *Bishop of Rochester, who died in exile at Paris, 1732.*

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in *France* to see him.]

## D I A L O G U E.

*She.* Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!  
May heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.  
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,  
Till you are dust like me.

*He.* Dear shade! I will:  
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!  
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!  
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?  
Yes—Save my country, heav'n,  
——He said, and dy'd.

I shall conclude these examples of the serious kind with an Epitaph written by Mr. *Smart*, to the memory of Master  
\*\*\*, who died of a lingering illness, aged eleven.

Henceforth be every tender tear suppress'd,  
Or let us weep for joy that he is blest;  
From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,  
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd.  
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r!  
That disposition, sickness cou'd not sour!  
That sense, so oft to riper years deny'd!  
That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride!  
His painful race undauntedly he ran,  
And in th' eleventh winter died a MAN.

Amongst the Epitaphs of a punning and ludicrous cast, I know of none prettier than that which is said to have been written by Mr. *Prior* on himself, wherein he is pleasantly satirical upon the folly of those who value themselves on account of the long series of ancestors through which they can trace their pedigree.

*Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,  
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,  
The son of Adam and of Eve:  
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.*

Of the same cast is that written by Mr. *Pope* on one who would not be buried in *Westminster-abbey*.

Heroes, and kings ! your distance keep,  
In peace let one poor poet sleep,  
Who never flatter'd folks like you :  
Let *Horace* blush, and *Virgil* too.

The following Epitaph on a Miser contains a good caution and an agreeable raillery.

Reader, beware immod'rate love of pelf :  
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robb'd himself.

But Dr. *Swift's* Epitaph on the same subject is, I think, a master-piece of the kind.

#### E P I T A P H on a M I S E R.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies  
*Damer*, the wealthy and the wise.  
His *Heirs*, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his *Carcass* in a *Chest* :  
The very *Chest*, in which, they say,  
His *other Self*, his *Money*, lay.  
And if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear *Self* he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his *better Half* alive.

We shall give but one example more of this kind, which is a merry Epitaph on an old Fiddler, who was remarkable (we may suppose) for beating time to his own musick.

#### On STEPHEN the Fiddler.

*Stephen* and *Time* are now both even ;  
*Stephen* beat *Time*, now *Time's* beat *Stephen*.

We are now come to that sort of Epitaph which rejects Rhyme, and has no certain and determinate measure ; but where the diction must be pure and strong, every word have weight, and the antithesis be preserved in a clear and direct opposition. We cannot give a better example of this sort of Epitaph, than that on the tomb of Mr. *Pultney*, the cloysters of *Westminster-Abbey*.

Reader,  
 If thou art a BRITON,  
 Behold this Tomb with Reverence and Regret :  
 Here lie the Remains of  
 DANIEL PULTENEY,  
 The kindest Relation, the truest Friend,  
 The warmest Patriot, the worthiest Man ;  
 He exercised Virtues in this Age,  
 Sufficient to have distinguish'd him even in the best.  
 Sagacious by Nature,  
 Industrious by Habit,  
 Inquisitive with Art ;  
 He gain'd a complete Knowledge of the State of *Britain*,  
 Foreign and domestic.  
 In most the backward Fruit of tedious Experience,  
 In him the early Acquisition of undissipated Youth :  
 He serv'd the Court several Years :  
 Abroad, in the auspicious Reign of *Queen Anne*,  
 At home, in the Reign of that excellent Prince *K. George* the first.  
 He serv'd his *Country* always,  
 At *Court* independent,  
 In the Senate unbia's'd,  
 At every Age, and in every Station :  
 This was the bent of his generous Soul,  
 This the Business of his laborious Life.  
 Public Men, and Public Things,  
 He judg'd by one constant Standard,  
*The true Interest of Britain* :  
 He made no other Distinction of Party,  
 He abhorred all other :  
 Gentle, humane, disinterested, beneficent,  
 He created no Enemies on his own Account :  
 Firm, determin'd, inflexible,  
 He feared none he could create in the Cause of *Britain*.  
 Reader,  
 In this Misfortune of thy Country lament thy own :  
 For know,  
 The Loss of so much private Virtue  
 Is a public Calamity.

*That poignant satire, as well as extravagant praise, may  
 be conveyed in this manner, will be seen by the following  
 Epitaph written by Dr. Arbuthnot on Francis Chabres ; which*

is too well known, and too much admired, to need our commendation.

HERE continueth to rot  
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,  
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,  
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,  
PERSISTED,

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,  
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,  
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY :  
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,  
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular  
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,  
Than successful

In *Accumulating WEALTH* :  
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,  
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,  
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,  
He acquired, or more properly created,  
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time  
Who could CHEAT without the MASK of HONESTY,  
Retain his Primæval MEANNESS

When possess'd of TEN THOUSAND a year;  
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,  
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh Indignant Reader !

Think not his Life useless to Mankind ;  
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,  
To give to After-ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,  
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH  
in the Sight of GOD,  
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL  
MORTALS.

This sort of Epitaph may also admit of humour and ridicule, as will appear by the following on a boon companion who is supposed to have lost his life to obtain his friend a borough.



*An EPITAPH on Mr. DOVE, an Apothecary; who unfortunately murdered himself by canvassing at Elections.*

Here lie

Sequester'd from the various calamities of life,

The remains of *Benjamin Dove*,

Doctor, and dealer in politics;

Whose *courage* and *intrepidity* expos'd him

to many *dangers* and *difficulties*, and at

last to *death* itself; for on the 26th

of *May*, 1754, he fell a *victim*,

not to the *sword*, but to the *glass*.

He was in all respects a truly worthy man;

A kind and steady friend,

A generous benefactor,

A warm patriot,

An agreeable companion,

A cutter of jokes,

And a great canvasser at elections.

In the most corrupt and abandon'd age,

He maintain'd his independency,

Disdain'd every bribe;

Nor cou'd the arts and insinuations of the wicked

Induce him once to play

The part of a *Jack-of-both sides*;

But ever fix'd and determin'd in his choice,

And aided by the arms of *Bacchus*,

He gain'd many profelytes to the cause

For which he died.

He was a good *Christian* in his day,

And rather inclin'd to the Church than to the Synagogue;

A man of *Virtue*,

Tho' a lover of the *Wenches*.

Some faults he had,

But none that his *friends* could see;

Or that his *enemies* can remember.

*Farewel, dear friend, thy glass is run;*

*Death has a FINIS Fix'd to FUN.*

*Those jokes which o'er the mantling bowl*

*Regal'd the heart, and cheer'd the soul,*

*And gain'd thy patriot friend a vote,*

*Musi, with thy virtues, be forgot:*

*Yet, of a thousand, one in ten,*

*May scrug, perhaps, and cry — POOR BEN!*

We shall conclude this species of poetry with a droll and satirical Epitaph written by *M<sup>r</sup> Pope*, which we transcribed from a monument in Lord *Cobham's* gardens at *Stow* in *Buckinghamshire*.

To the Memory  
of

SIGNIOR FIDO,  
An *Italian* of good Extraction ;  
Who came into *England*,  
Not to bite us, like most of his Countrymen,  
But to gain an honest Livelyhood.  
He hunted not after Fame,  
Yet acquir'd it ;  
Regardless of the Praise of his Friends,  
but most sensible of their Love.  
Tho' he liv'd amongst the Great,  
He neither learnt nor flatter'd any Vice.  
He was no Bigot,  
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 Articles.  
And, if to follow Nature,  
and to respect the Laws of Society,  
be Philosophy,  
he was a perfect Philosopher ;  
a faithful Friend,  
an agreeable Companion,  
a loving Husband,  
distinguish'd by a numerous Offspring,  
all which he liv'd to see take good Courses.  
In his old Age he retired  
to the House of a Clergyman in the Country,  
where he finished his earthly Race,  
and died an Honour and an Example to the whole Species.  
Reader,  
This Stone is guiltless of Flattery,  
for he to whom it is inscrib'd  
was not a MAN,  
but a  
GREY-HOUND.



## C H A P. X.

*Of the ELEGY.*

THE *Elegy* is a *mournful* and *plaintive*, but yet a sweet and engaging kind of poem. It was first invented to bewail the death of a friend, and afterwards us'd to express the complaints of lovers, or any other doleful and melancholy subject. In process of time not only matters of grief, but joy, wishes, prayers, expostulations, reproaches, admonitions, and almost every other subject, were admitted into *Elegy*; however, funeral lamentations and affairs of love seem most agreeable to its character.

The plan of an *Elegy*, as indeed of all other poems, ought to be made before a line is written; or else the author will ramble in the dark, and his verses have no dependance on each other. No *epigrammatic points* or conceits, none of those *fine things* which most people are so fond of in every sort of poem, can be allow'd in this, but must give place to nobler beauties, those of *Nature* and the *Passions*. *Elegy* rejects whatever is facetious, satirical, or majestic, and is content to be plain, decent, and unaffected; yet in this humble state is the sweet and engaging, elegant and attractive. This poem is adorn'd with frequent *commiserations*, *complaints*, *exclamations*, *addresses to things or persons*, short and proper *digressions*, *allusions*, *comparisons*, *prosopopœias* or feigned persons, and sometimes with short *descriptions*. The diction ought to be free from any *harshness*; neat, easy, perspicuous, expressive of the manners, tender, and pathetic; and the numbers should be *smooth* and *flowing*, and captivate the ear with their uniform sweetness and delicacy.

For an example of a good and mournful *Elegy*, I shall insert one written by Mr. *Pope*, which will give the reader a just idea of the tender and plaintive character of this kind of poem.

*To the memory of an unfortunate LADY.*

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade  
Invites my step, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?  
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
 To act a lover's, or a *Roman's* part?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire  
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
 Ambition first sprang from your blest abodes,  
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:  
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows!  
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
 Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:  
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,  
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
 Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
 And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)  
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
 As into air the purer spirits flow,  
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;  
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:  
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
 And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.  
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
 (While the long fun'ral blacken all the way)  
 Lo these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,  
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.  
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day!

*Written in a country church-yard.*

the knell of parting day,  
 hard winds slowly o'er the lea.  
 homeward plods his weary way,  
 the world to darkness, and to me.

glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 a solemn stillness holds;  
 the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 tinklings lull the distant folds.

yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
 the owl does to the moon complain  
 wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 the ancient solitary reign.

rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
 narrow cell for ever laid,  
 the fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

all of incense-breathing morn,  
 the twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 the shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 the housewife ply her evening care;  
 the sun to lisp their fire's return,  
 the old man's knees the envy'd kifs to share.

harvest to their sickle yield,  
 how oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 did they drive their team a field!  
 the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

bition mock their useful toil,  
 the empty joys, and destiny obscure;  
 the ear hear with a disdainful smile,  
 the plain and simple annals of the poor.

the heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 the th' inevitable hour,  
 the s of glory lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,  
 If memory to these no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
 The peaking anthem swells the notes of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Hands that the reins of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unro  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-*Hampden*, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,  
 Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply;  
 And many a holy text around the strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 ' His little length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on th’ accusom’d hill,  
‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
- ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array,  
‘ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
- ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,  
‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.
- ‘ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,  
‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found ;
- ‘ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
‘ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

*The EPI T A P H.*

- ‘ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
‘ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
- ‘ Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
‘ And melancholy mark’d him for her own.
- ‘ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
‘ Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :
- ‘ He gave to mis’ry (all he had) a tear :  
‘ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.
- ‘ No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
‘ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
- ‘ (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
‘ The bosom of his father and his God.’

We have already observed that any dreadful catastrophe is a proper subject for Elegy ; and what can be more so than a civil war, where the fathers and children, the dearest relations and friends, meet each other in arms ? We have on this subject a most affecting Elegy, intitled the *Tears of Scotland*, ascribed to Dr. Smollet, and set to music by Mr. Oswald, just after the late rebellion.

*The Tears of SCOTLAND. Written in the Year 1746.*

I.

Mourn, hapless CALEDONIA, mourn  
Thy banish’d peace, thy laurels torn !



Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door ;  
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

## II.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war ;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

## III.

What boots it then, in every clime,  
Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

## IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,  
No more shall cheer the happy day :  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night :  
No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

## V.

Oh baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
The sons against their fathers stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.

## Of the ELEGY.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victors souls were not appeas'd ;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

## VI.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath.  
The bleak wind whistles round her head ;  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

## VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;  
Repentment of my country's fate,  
Within my filial breast shall beat ;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow,  
“ Mourn, hapless *Caledonia*, mourn  
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.”

Love as we have already observed, is likewise one of the proper subjects for this kind of poem. An example of which we shall give from the love Elegies lately publish'd by Mr. *Hammond*.

## A LOVE ELEGY.

## I.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,  
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,  
Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,  
And trumpets break their slumbers, never found :

## II.

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away,  
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,  
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,  
But cheaply blest'd I'll scorn each vain desire.

## III.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,  
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,  
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,  
Or range the sheaves along the sunny land.

## IV.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,  
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,  
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,  
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

## V.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,  
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?  
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,  
Secure and happy sink at last to rest.

## VI.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,  
By shady rivers indolently stray,  
And with my DELIA walking side by side,  
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

## VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,  
To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go!  
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,  
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

## VIII.

Thus pleas'd at heart; and not with fancy's dream,  
In silent happiness I rest unknown;  
Content with what I am, not what I seem,  
I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

## IX.

Ah foolish man! who thus of her possess'd,  
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,  
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,  
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learnt to glow  
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade !)  
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?  
No friends complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier ;  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd.  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !  
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show ;  
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ;  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,  
And the green-turf lie lightly on thy breast :  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;  
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame :  
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays :  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart :  
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

But of *Elegies* on the subject of death, this by Mr. Gray  
is one of the best that has appeared in our language, and  
may be justly esteem'd a masterpiece.

*An ELEGY. Written in a country church-yard.*

The curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
Or drowsy tincklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envy'd kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team a field!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

*An ELEGY on the supposed death of Mr. PARTRIDGE, the  
Almanack-maker.*

Well ; 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess'd,  
Tho' we all took it for a jest ;  
*Partridge* is dead ; nay more, he dy'd  
E're he cou'd prove the good 'Squire ly'd.  
Strange, an astrologer shou'd die  
Without one wonder in the sky !  
Not one of all his *crony* stars  
To pay their duty at his herse !  
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd !  
No comet with a flaming beard !  
The sun has rose, and gone to bed,  
Just as if *Partridge* were not dead :  
Nor hid himself behind the moon  
To make a dreadful night at noon.  
He at fit periods walks thro' *Aries*,  
Howe'er our earthly motion varies :  
And twice a year he'll cut th' *Equator*,  
As if there had been no such matter.

Some Wits have wonder'd, what analogy,  
There is 'twixt \* *cobling* and *astrology* :  
How *Partridge* made his *optics* rise,  
From a *shoe-sole*, to reach the skies.

A list the coblers temples ties  
To keep the hair out of their eyes ;  
From whence 'tis plain the diadem,  
That princes wear, derives from them.  
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days  
Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*,  
Which plainly shews the near alliance  
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign *Bootes*,  
(As 'tis miscall'd) we know not who 'tis :  
But *Partridge* ended all disputes ;  
He knew his trade, and call'd it † *Boots*.

The *borned moon*, which heretofore,  
Upon their shoes the *Romans* wore,  
Whose wideness kept their toes from sores,  
And whence we claim our *shooing-borns*,

\* *Partridge* was a Cobler.

† See his Almanack.

Shews how the art of *cobling* bears  
A near resemblance to the *Spheres*.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*  
(A great refinement in *barmetry*)  
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;  
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*,  
Which an astrologer might use,  
Either for *Almanacks* or *shoes*?

Thus *Partridge*, by his wit and parts,  
At once did practice both these arts:  
And as the boading Owl (or rather  
The Bat, because her wings are *leather*,)  
Steals from her private cell by night,  
And flies about at candle-light;  
So learned *Partridge* could as well  
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,  
And, in his fancy, fly as far  
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *Spheres*,  
And set the *Planets* by the ears;  
To shew his skill, he *Mars* could join  
To *Venus* in *aspect* malign;  
Then call in *Mercury* for aid,  
And cure the wounds, that *Venus* made.

Great scholars have in *Lucian* read,  
When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,  
His soul and *spirit* did divide,  
And each part took a diff'rent side;  
One rose a star, the other fell  
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each art,  
The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part;  
And is install'd as good a star  
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

Triumphant star! some pity shew  
On *Coblers* militant below,  
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights  
Torment, by pissing out their lights;  
Or thro' a chink convey their smoak  
Inclos'd *Artificers* to choak!

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,  
May'st follow still thy calling there.

To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,  
 By *Phœbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.  
 For thee they *Argo's* hulk will tax,  
 And scrape her pithy sides for wax.  
 Then *Ariadne* kindly lends  
 Her braided hair to make thee *ends*,  
 The point of *Sagittarius'* dart  
 Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art;  
 And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,  
 Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.  
 For want of room by *Virgo's* side.  
 She'll strain a point, and sit \*astride:  
 To take thee kindly in *between*;  
 And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*.



## C H A P. XI.

## Of the P A S T O R A L.

THIS poem takes its name from the *Latin* word. *Pastor*, a *Shepherd*; the subject of it being something in the Pastoral or rural life; and the persons, or interlocutors, introduced in it, either shepherds or other rusticks.

These poems are frequently called *Eclogues*, which signifies *select* or *choice pieces*; tho' some account for this name after a different manner. They are also called *Bucolicks* from *Βυκολος*, a *Herdsmen*.

" The original of poetry, says Mr. *Pope*, is ascribed to  
 " that age which succeeded the creation of the world:  
 " and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first  
 " employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry  
 " was probably *Pastoral*. It is natural to imagine,  
 " that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and  
 " inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary  
 " and sedentary life as singing; and that in their  
 " songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity.  
 " From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved  
 " to a perfect image of that happy time; which  
 " by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age,

\* *Tibia brachia contrahet ingens  
 Scorpius, &c.*



" might recommend them to the present. And since the  
 " life of shepherds was attended with more tranquility  
 " than any other rural employment, the poets chose to  
 " introduce their persons, from whom it received the name  
 " of *Pastoral*."

*Scaliger*, and *Fontenelle* are of *Mr. Pope's* opinion, and suppose that Pastorals were the first poems; but this conclusion seems not to be drawn from nature and reason. As man in the infant state of the world, was undoubtedly struck with an awful idea of God, arising from a consideration of his works of creation, so must he be very early led to supplicate and adore that divine Being on whom he perceived his existence depended; it is more natural, and more rational, therefore, to suppose that the first poems where hymns or odes made in praise of the Deity. We may allow shepherds indeed to have been the first poets, but we cannot suppose that Pastorals were the first poems; since it is more reasonable to conclude that the ancients would prefer the praise of the Creator to that of his creatures. But controversies of this sort are beside our purpose.

This kind of poem, when happily executed, gives great delight; nor is it a wonder, since innocence and simplicity generally please: To which let me add, that the scenes of Pastorals are always laid in the country, where both poet and painter have abundant matter for the exercise of genius, such as enchanting prospects, purling streams, shady groves, enamelled meads, flowery lawns, rural amusements, the bleating of flocks, and the musick of birds; which is of all melody the most sweet and pleasing, and calls to my mind the wisdom and taste of *Alexander*, who on being importuned to hear a man that imitated the notes of the Nightingale, and was thought a great curiosity, replied, that *he had had the happiness of hearing the Nightingale herself*.

The character of the Pastoral consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first render an eclogue *natural*, and the last *delightful*. With respect to nature, indeed, we are to consider, that as a pastoral is an image of the ancient times of innocence and undesigning plainness, we are not to describe shepherds as they really are at this day, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been, when the best of men, and even princes, followed the employment. For this reason an air of piety should run through the whole poem which is visible in the writings of antiquity.

To make it natural with respect to the present age, some knowledge in rural affairs should be discovered, and that in such a manner, as if it was done by chance rather than by design ; lest by too much pains to seem natural that simplicity be destroyed from whence arises the delight ; for what is so engaging in this kind of poesy proceeds not so much from the idea of a country life itself, as in exposing only the best part of a shepherd's life, and concealing the misfortunes and miseries which sometimes attend it. Besides, the subject must contain some particular beauty in itself, and each eclogue present a scene or prospect to our view enriched with variety : which variety is in a great measure obtained by frequent comparisons drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country ; by interrogations to things inanimate ; by short and beautiful digressions ; and by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers more sweet and pleasing. To this let me add, that the connections must be negligent, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise.

Riddles, parables, proverbs, antique phrases, and superstitious fables are fit materials to be intermixed with this kind of poem. They are here, when properly applied, very ornamental ; and the more so, as they give our modern compositions the air of the ancient manner of writing.

The style of the *Pastoral* ought to be humble, yet pure ; neat, but not florid ; easy, and yet lively : and the numbers should be smooth and flowing.

This poem in general should be short, and ought never much to exceed an hundred lines ; for we are to consider that the ancients made these sort of compositions their amusement, and not their business : but however short they are, every eclogue must contain a plot or fable, which must be simple and one ; but yet so managed as to admit of short digressions. *Virgil* has always observed this—I shall give you the plot or argument of his first Pastoral as an example.

*Melibæus, an unfortunate shepherd, is introduced with Tityrus, one in more fortunate circumstances ; the former addresses the complaint of his sufferings and banishment to the latter, who enjoys his flocks and folds in the midst of the public calamity, and therefore expresses his gratitude to the benefactor.*

from whom this favour flow'd: but Melibœus accuses fortune, civil wars, and bids adieu to his native country. This is therefore a dialogue.

But we are to observe, that the poet is not always obliged to make his eclogue *allegorical*, and to have real persons represented by the fictitious characters introduced; but is in this respect entirely at his own liberty.

Nor does the nature of the poem require it to be always carried on by way of dialogue; for a shepherd may with propriety sing the praises of his love, complain of her inconstancy, lament her absence, her death, &c. and address himself to groves, hills, rivers, and such like rural objects, even when alone.

We shall now give examples from each of those authors who have eminently distinguish'd themselves by this manner of writing, and introduce them in the order of time in which they were written.

*Theocritus*, who was the father or inventor of this kind of poetry, has been deservedly esteemed by the best critics; and by some, whose judgement we cannot dispute, prefer'd to all other Pastoral writers. We shall insert his third *Idyllium*, not because it is the best, but because it is within our compass, and we are favoured with an elegant version of it by Mr. FAWKES; who will soon oblige the public with an entire translation of this favourite author.

AMARYLLIS: Or the third Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

To *Amaryllis*, lovely Nymph, I speed,  
 Mean while my goats upon the mountains feed:  
 O *Tityrus* tend them with assiduous care,  
 Lead them to crystal springs, and pastures fair,  
 And of the ridgling's butting horns beware. }  
 Sweet *Amaryllis*, have you then forgot,  
 Our secret pleasures in the conscious grot? }  
 Where in my folding arms you lay reclin'd;  
 Blest was the shepherd, for the nymph was kind.  
 I whom you call'd *your Dear*, *your Love* so late, 10  
 Say, am I now, the object of your hate?  
 Say is my form displeasing to your sight?  
 This cruel love will surely kill me quite.  
 Lo! ten large apples, tempting to the view,  
 Pluck'd from your favourite tree, where late they grew.

Accept this boon, 'tis all my present store ;  
 To-morrow will produce as many more.  
 Mean while these heart-consuming pains remove,  
 And give me gentle pity for my love.  
 Oh was I made by some transforming power 20  
 A bee to buzz in your sequester'd bower !  
 To pietess your ivy shade with murmuring sound,  
 And the light leaves that compass you around.  
 I know thee, love, and to my sorrow find,  
 A god thou art, but of the savage kind ; 25  
 A lionsess sure suckled the fell child,  
 And with his brothers nurs'd him in the wild ;  
 On me his scorching flames incessant prey,  
 Glow in my bones, and melt my soul away.  
 Ah, nymph, whose eyes destructive glances dart, 30  
 Fair is your face, but flinty is your heart :  
 With kisses kind this rage of love appease ;  
 For me, fond Swain ! ev'n empty kisses please.  
 Your scorn distracts me, and will make me tear  
 The flow'ry crown I wove for you to wear, 35  
 Where roses mingle with the ivy-wreath,  
 And fragrant herbs ambrosial odours breathe.  
 Ah me ! what pangs I feel, and yet the fair  
 Nor sees my sorrows, nor will hear my prayer.  
 I'll doff my garments, since I needs must die, 40  
 And from yon rock, that points its summit high,  
 Where patient *Alpis* snares the finny fry,  
 I'll leap, and though perchance I rise again,  
 You'll laugh to see me plunging in the main.  
 By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found 45  
 Your chang'd affection, for it gave no sound.  
 Though in my hand struck hollow as it lay,  
 But quickly wither'd like your love away.  
 An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,  
 She who tells fortunes with the sieve and sheers ; 50  
 For leasing barley in my fields of late,  
 She told me, I should love, and you should hate !  
 For you my care a milk-white goat supply'd,  
 Two wanton kids run frisking at her side ;  
 Which oft the nut-brown maid, *Erithacis*, 55  
*Has beg'd*, and paid before-hand with a kiss ;  
 And since you thus my ardent passion slight,  
*Her's they shall be before to-morrow night.*

My right eye itches ; may it lucky prove,  
 Perhaps I soon shall see the nymph I love ;  
 Beneath yon pine I'll sing distinct and clear,  
 Perhaps the fair my tender notes may hear ;  
 Perhaps may pity my melodious moan ;  
 She is not metamorphos'd into stone.

*Hippomenes*, provok'd by noble strife,  
 To win a mistress, or to lose his life,  
 Threw golden fruit in *Atalanta's* way,  
 The bright temptation caus'd the nymph to stay ;  
 She look'd, she languish'd, all her soul took fire,  
 She plung'd into the gulph of deep desire.

To *Pyle* from *Oebry's* sage *Melampus* came,  
 He drove the lowing herd, yet won the dame ;  
 Fair *Pero* blest his brother *Bias's* arms,  
 And in a virtuous race diffus'd unfading charms.

*Adonis* fed his cattle on the plain,  
 And sea-born *Venus* lov'd the rural swain ;  
 She mourn'd him wounded in the fatal chace,  
 Nor dead dismiss'd him from her warm embrace.  
 Though young *Endymion* was by *Cynthia* blest,  
 I envy nothing but his lasting rest.

*Jasion* slumb'ring on the *Cretan* plain  
*Ceres* once saw, and blest the happy swain  
 With pleasures too divine for ears profane.

My head grows giddy, love affects me sore ;  
 Yet you regard not ; so I'll sing no more——

Here will I put a period to my care—  
 Adieu, false nymph, adieu ungrateful fair :  
 Stretch'd near the grotto, when I've breath'd my last  
 My corse will give the wolves a rich repast,  
 As sweet to them, as honey to your taste.

*Virgil* succeeds *Theocritus*, from whom he has in some places copied, and always imitated with success. As a specimen of his manner we shall introduce his first Pastoral, which is generally allowed to be the most perfect ; and our readers will see that we are obliged to Mr. *Dryden* for the translation.

## M E L B O R U S.

Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,  
 You, *Tityrus*, entertain your sylvan muse.

Round the wide world in banishment we roam,  
 Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;  
 While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves,  
 And *Amaryllis* fills the shady groves.

## T I T Y R U S.

These blessings, friend, a Deity bestow'd ;  
 For never can I deem him less than God.  
 The tender firflings of my woolly breed  
 Shall on his holy altar often bleed.  
 He gave me kine to graze the flow'ry plain,  
 And so my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

## M E L I B O E U S.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,  
 That while the raging sword and wasteful fire  
 Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,  
 No hostile arms approach your happy ground.  
 Far diff'rent is my fate ; my feeble goats  
 With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes :  
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,  
 Who yearning on the rocks has left her young.  
 The hope and promise of my falling fold,  
 My loss by dire portents the Gods foretold ;  
 For, had I not been blind, I might have seen  
 Yon riven oak, the fairest on the green,  
 And the hoarse raven on the blasted bough  
 By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.  
 But tell me, *Tityrus*, what heav'nly power  
 Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour ?

## T I T Y R U S.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial *Rome*  
 Like *Mantua*, where on market-days we come :  
 And thither drive our tender lambs from home.  
 So kids and whelps their fires and dams express ;  
 And so the great I measur'd by the less :  
 But country-towns, compar'd with her, appear  
 Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

## M E L I B O E U S.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome* ?

## T I T Y R U S.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come :

Nor did my search of liberty begin,  
 Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.  
 Nor *Amaryllis* would vouchsafe a look,  
 Till *Galatea's* meaner bonds I broke.  
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,  
 I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:  
 Tho' many a victim from my folds was bought,  
 And many a cheese to country markets brought,  
 Yet all the little that I got I spent,  
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

## M E L I B O E U S.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,  
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return;  
 We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,  
 For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hang:  
 But now the wonder ceases, since I see  
 She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee:  
 For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,  
 And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

## T I T Y R U S.

What should I do? while here I was enchain'd,  
 No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;  
 Nor could I hope in any place but there  
 To find a God so present to my pray'r.  
 There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,  
 For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.  
 He heard my vows, and graciously decreed  
 My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

## M E L I B O E U S.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains  
 For you sufficient, and requites your pains,  
 Tho' rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,  
 Tho' here the marshy grounds approach your fields  
 And there the soil a stony harvest yields.  
 Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,  
 Nor fear a rot from tainted company.  
 Behold yon bord'ring fence of fallow trees  
 Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bee

The busy bees, with a soft murm'ring strain,  
 Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain :  
 While from the neighb'ring rock with rural songs  
 The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs ;  
 Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,  
 And, from the lofty elms, of love complain .

## T I T Y R U S .

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,  
 And fish on shore, and fags in air shall range,  
 The banish'd *Partbian* dwell on *Arar's* brink,  
 And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink ;  
 Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,  
 Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

## M E L I B O R U S .

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,  
 Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone ;  
 And some to fair *Oaxis* shall be sold,  
 Or try the *Lybian* heat, or *Scythian* cold ;  
 The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd,  
 A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.  
 O ! must the wretched exiles ever mourn ?  
 Nor after length of rolling years return ?  
 Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,  
 No more our houses and our homes to see ?  
 Or shall we mount again the rural throne,  
 And rule the country, kingdoms once our own ?  
 Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,  
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow ?  
 Good heav'n, what dire effects from civil discord flow !  
 Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine ;  
 The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.  
 Farewel my pastures, my paternal stock,  
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !  
 No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb  
 The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme ;  
 No more extended in the grot below,  
 Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow,  
 The prickly shrubs, and after on the bare  
 Lean down the deep abyss and hang in air !  
 No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;  
 No more my song shall please the rural crew :  
 Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the world adieu !



## TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care ;  
 Chestnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare :  
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'er-spread,  
 And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head :  
 For see yon sunny hill, the shade extends,  
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

*Spenser* was the first of our own countrymen, who acquired any considerable reputation by this method of writing. We shall insert his sixth eclogue, or that for *June*, which is allegorical, as will be seen by the

## ARGUMENT.

" *Hobbinol*, from a description of the pleasures of the place, excites *Colin* to the enjoyment of them. *Colin* declares himself incapable of delight, by reason of his ill success in love, and his loss of *Rosalind*, who had treacherously forsaken him for *Menalcas*, another shepherd. By *Tityrus* (mentioned before in *Spenser's* second eclogue, and again in the twelfth) is plainly meant *Chaucer*, whom the author sometimes profess'd to imitate. In the person of *Colin*, is represented the author himself; and *Hobbinol's* inviting him to leave the hilly country, seems to allude to his leaving the *North*, where, as is mention'd in his life, he had for some time resided."

## HOBBINOL.

Lo ! *Colin*, here the place, whose pleasant sight  
 From other shades hath wean'd my wand'ring mind :  
 Tell me, what wants me here, to work delight ?  
 The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,  
 So calm, so cool, as no where else I find :  
 The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,  
 The bramble-bush, where birds of every kind  
 To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

## COLIN.

O ! happy *Hobbinol*, I bless thy state,  
 That paradise hast found which *Adam* lost.  
 Here wander may thy flock early or late,  
 Withouten dread of wolves to been ylost :

Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast:  
 But I, unhappy man! whom cruel fate,  
 And angry Gods pursue from coast to coast,  
 Can no where find, to shroud my luckless pate.

## H O B B I N O L.

Then if by me thou list advised be,  
 Forfake the soil, that so doth thee bewitch:  
 Leave me those hills, where harbroughnis to see,  
 Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch;  
 And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich,  
 And fruitful flocks been every where to see:  
 Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,  
 Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do flee.

But friendly fairies met with many graces,  
 And light-foot nymphs can chace the ling'ring night,  
 With heydegues, and trimly trodden traces;  
 Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnass*'s height,  
 Do make them music, for their more delight;  
 And *Pan* himself to kiss their chrystal faces,  
 Will pipe and daunce, when *Phæbe* shineth bright:  
 Such peerless pleasures have we in these places.

## C O L I N.

And I, whilst youth, and course of careless years,  
 Did let me walk withouten links of love,  
 In such delights did joy amongst my peers:  
 But riper age such pleasures doth reprove,  
 My fancy eke from former follies move  
 To strayed steps: for time in passing wears  
 (As garments doen, which waxen old above)  
 And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Thou couth I sing of love and tune my pipe  
 Unto my plantive pleas in verses made:  
 Tho would I seek for queen-apples unripe,  
 To give my *Rosalind*, and in sommer shade  
 Dight gawdy gislands, was my common trade,  
 To crown her golden locks: but years more ripe,  
 And loss of her, whose love as life I wayde,  
 Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

## HOBBINOL.

*Colin*, to hear thy rhimes and roundelays,  
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,  
I more delight, than lark in sommer days :  
Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring,  
And taught the birds, which in the lower spring  
Did shroud in shady leaves from sunny rays ;  
Frame to thy song their cheerful cheriping  
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw *Calliope* with muses mee,  
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to sound,  
Their ivory lutes and tamburins forgo :  
And from the fountain, where they sate around,  
Ran after hastily thy silver sound.  
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst show,  
They drew a back, as half with shame confound,  
Shepherd to see, them in their art out-go.

## COLIN.

Of muses, *Hobbinol*, I con no skill,  
For they been daughters of the highest Jove,  
And holden scorn of homely shepherds quill :  
For sith I heard that *Pan* with *Phœbus* strove  
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,  
I never list presume to *Parnass*' hill,  
But piping low, in shade of lowly grove,  
I play to please myself, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,  
Ne strive to win renown, or pass the rest :  
With shepherds fits not follow flying fame,  
But feed his flocks in fields, where falls him best.  
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely drest ;  
The fitter they, my careful case to frame :  
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,  
And pour my piteous complaints out in the same.

The God of shepherds, *Tityrus* is dead,  
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make :  
He, whilst he lived was the sovereign head  
Of shepherds all, that been with love ytake.

Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly flake  
 The flames, which love within his heart had bred,  
 And tell us merry tales, to keep us wake,  
 The while our sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,  
 (O why should death on him such outrage show !  
 And all his passing skill with him is fled,  
 The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.  
 But if on me some little drops would flow  
 Of that the spring was in his learned hed,  
 I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,  
 And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my plaints, caus'd of discourtesee,  
 As messengers of this my painful plight,  
 Fly to my love, wherever that she be.  
 And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight;  
 As she deseryes, that wrought so deadly spight.  
 And thou, *Menalcas*, that by treachery  
 Didst underfong my las to wax so light,  
 Should'st well be known for such thy villiany.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
 Ye gentle shepherds, which your flocks do feed,  
 Whether on hills or dales, or other where,  
 Bear witness all of this so wicked deed :  
 And tell the las, whose flower is woxe a weed,  
 And faultless faith is turn'd to faithless seere,  
 That she the truest shepherd's heart made bleed,  
 That lives on earth, and loved her most dear.

## H O B B I N O L.

O ! careful *Colin*, I lament thy case,  
 Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flow !  
 Ah ! faithless *Rosalind*, and void of grace,  
 That are the root of all this rueful woe !  
 But now is time, I guess, homeward to go :  
 Then rise, ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
 Lest night with stealing steps do you foreflo,  
 And wet your tender lambs, that by you trace.

By the following eclogue the reader will perceive that Mr. *Philips* has, in imitation of *Spencer*, preserved in his Pastorals many antiquated words, which, tho' they are discarded from polite conversation, may naturally be supposed still to have place among the shepherds, and other rusticks in the country. We have made choice of his second eclogue, because it is brought home to his own business, and contains a complaint against those who had spoken ill of him and his writings.

## Mr. PHILIPS's second Pastoral,

T H E N O T, C O L I N E T.

Is it not *Colinet* I lonesome see  
 Leaning with folded arms against the tree ?  
 Or is it age of late bedims my sight ?  
 'Tis *Colinet*, indeed, in woeful plight.  
 Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,  
 Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears ?  
 Why in this mournful manner art thou found,  
 Unthankful lad, when all things smile around ?  
 Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,  
 Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring ?

C O L I N E T.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate ;  
 Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.  
 Each creature, *Thenot*, to his task is born,  
 As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.  
 Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,  
 My tears oft mingling with the falling dew.

T H E N O T.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain ;  
 Or who may then, the weight of eld sustain,  
 When every slackening nerve begins to fail,  
 And the load presseth as our days prevail ?  
 Yet, though with years my body downward tend,  
 As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn bend,  
 Spite of my snowy head and icy veins,  
 My mind a cheerful temper still retains :  
 And why should man, mishap what will, repine,  
 Soar every sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?

But tell me then ; it may relieve thy woe,  
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

## COLINET.

Idly 'twill waste thee, *Thenot*, the whole day,  
Should'st thou give ear to all my grief can say.  
Thine ewes will wander ; and the heedless lambs,  
In loud complaints, require their absent dams.

## THENOT.

See *Lightfoot* ; he shall tend them close : and I,  
'Tween whiles, a-cross the plain will glance mine eye.

## COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.  
Does there one smiling hour my youth attend ?  
Though few my days, as well my follies show,  
Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :  
No happy gleam of sun-shine doth appear,  
My low'ring sky, and wint'ry months to cheer.  
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,  
Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :  
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,  
The mark of storms, and sport of every wind :  
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring ;  
Nor birds among the leafless branches sing :  
No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherd's throng  
With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.  
Ill-fated tree ! and more ill-fated I !  
From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

## THENOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,  
When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn,  
Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,  
To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass,  
Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreshows,  
Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes.  
*Untimely born*, ill luck betides thee still.

## COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater ill ?

## T H E N O T.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep :  
 From these good shepherd's care his flock may keep :  
 Against ill-luck, alas ! all forcast fails ;  
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

## C O L I N E T.

Ah me, the while ! ah me, the luckless day !  
 Ah luckless lad ! befits me more to say.  
 Unhappy hour ! when fresh in youthful bud,  
 I left, *Sabrina* fair, thy fitv'ry flood.  
 Ah, silly I ! more silly than my sheep,  
 Which on thy flow'ry banks, I wont to keep.  
 Sweet are thy banks ! oh, when shall I once more,  
 With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore ?  
 When, in the crystal of thy waters, scan  
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan ?  
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode  
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod ?  
 Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,  
 Yet is there room for peace, and me, to dwell.

## T H E N O T.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away,  
 From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray ?

## C O L I N E T.

A lewd desire strange lands, and swains, to know :  
 Ah me ! that ever I should covet woe.  
 With wand'ring feet unblest, and fond of fame,  
 I fought I know not what besides a name.

## T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, did'st thou not hither come  
 In search of gains more plenty than at home ?  
 A rolling stone is, ever, bare of moss ;  
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

## C O L I N E T.

Small need there was, in random search of gain.  
 To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,

To distant *Cam*. Fine gain at length, I trow,  
 To hoard up to myself such deal of woe !  
 My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill fare,  
 And like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,  
 The damp, cold green sward, for my nightly bed,  
 And some flaunt willow's trunk to rest my head.  
 Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain ;  
 And hard is want to the unpractic'd swain ;  
 But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,  
 To blasting storms of calumny compar'd :  
 Unkind as hail it falls ; the pelting shower  
 Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

## T H E N O T.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong :  
 And what wounds forer than an evil tongue ?

## C O L I N E T.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,  
 Make mock of all the ditties I endite.  
 In vain, O *Colinet*, thy pipe, so shrill,  
 Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill :  
 In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,  
 In the cool shade to sing the pains of love :  
 Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail ;  
 And every elf hath skill enough to rail :  
 But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,  
*Menalcas* seems to like my simple strain :  
 And, while that he delighteth in my song,  
 Which to the good *Menalcas* doth belong,  
 Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease ;  
 I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

## T H E N O T.

*Menalcas*, lord of these fair, fertile plains,  
 Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns :  
 For him our yearly wakes, and feasts we hold,  
 And choose the fairest firstlings from the fold :  
*He*, good to all, who good deserve, shall give  
 Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,  
 Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,  
 And bounteously reward thy rural songs.



## COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,  
 The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,  
 And every rapid river cease to flow,  
 'E're I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

## THE NOT.

This night thy care with me forget, and fold  
 Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.  
 New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,  
 With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,  
 Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,  
 Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite :  
 And now behold the sun's departing ray,  
 O'er yonder, hill, the sign of ebbing day :  
 With songs the jovial hinds return from plow ;  
 And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

Mr. *Pope's* Pastorals next appeared, but in a different dress from those of *Spenser*, and *Phillips* ; for he has discarded all antiquated words, drawn his swains more modern and polite, and made his numbers exquisitely harmonious ; his eclogues therefore may be called better poems, but not better Pastorals. We shall insert the eclogue he has inscribed to Mr. *Wycherly*, the beginning of which is in imitation of *Virgil's* first Pastoral.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,  
*Hylas* and *Egon* sung their rural lays :  
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,  
 And *Delia's* name and *Doris* fill'd the grove.  
 Ye *Mantuan* nymphs, your sacred succour bring ;  
*Hylas* and *Egon's* rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the nine with *Plautus's* wit inspire,  
 'The art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* fire ;  
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,  
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms !  
 Oh, skill'd in nature ! see the hearts of swains,  
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting *Phæbus* shone serenely bright,  
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light :

When tuneful *Hylas*, with melodious moan,  
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
 To *Delia's* ear the tender notes convey.  
 As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,  
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;  
 Thus, far from *Delia*, to the winds I mourn,  
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !  
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song :  
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny ;  
 For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.  
 Ye flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the spring,  
 Ye birds, that left by summer cease to sing,  
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,  
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my *Delia's* stay :  
 Fade ev'ry b'offom, wither ev'ry tree,  
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.  
 What have I said ? where'er my *Delia* flies,  
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;  
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,  
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !  
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,  
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,  
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.  
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,  
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,  
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !  
 Come, *Delia*, come ; ah, why this long delay ?  
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of *Delia* sounds ;  
*Delia*, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.  
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind !  
 Do lovers dream, or is my *Delia* kind ?  
 She comes, my *Delia* comes !—now cease my lay,  
 And cease ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next *Egon* sung, while *Wind* for groves admir'd :  
*Rehearse, ye muses*, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful strain !  
 Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain :  
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,  
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ;  
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,  
 In their loose traces from the field retreat ;  
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,  
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful lay !  
 Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day :  
 Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,  
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :  
 The garlands fade, the boughs are worn away ;  
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !  
 Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming grain ;

Now golden fruits in loaded branches shine,  
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;  
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove :  
 Just Gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !  
 The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey."——  
 Ah ! what avails it me the flocks to keep,  
 Who lost my heart, while I preserv'd my sheep,  
*Pan* come, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,  
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?  
 What eyes but hers, alas ! have pow'r to move ?  
 And is there magic but what dwells in love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !  
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.——  
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,  
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love !  
 I know thee, love ! wild as the raging main,  
 More fell than Tygers on the *Libyan* plain :  
 Thou wert from *Etna's* burning entrails torn,  
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !  
 Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day !  
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.  
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sung the shepherds, till th' approach of night,  
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,

When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,  
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

To these Pastorals, which are written agreeably to the taste of antiquity, and the rules above prescrib'd, we shall beg leave to subjoin another that may be called a burlesque Pastoral, wherein the ingenious author, the late Mr. *Gay*, has ventur'd to deviate from the beaten road, and described the shepherds and ploughmen of our own time and country, instead of those of the *Golden Age*, to which the modern critics confine the pastoral. His six *Pastorals*, which he calls the *Shepherd's Week*, are a beautiful and lively representation of the manners, customs, and notions of our rusticks. We shall insert the first of them, entitled, *The Squabble*, wherein two clowns try to out-do each other in singing the praises of their sweet-hearts, leaving it to a third to determine the controversy. The persons names are *Lobbin Clout*, *Cuddy*, and *Cloddipole*.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Thy younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake;  
No throstles thrill the bramble bush forsake;  
No chirping lark the welkin sheen \* invokes;  
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;  
O'er yonder hill does scant ‡ the dawn appear;  
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear †?

C U D D Y.

Ah *Lobbin Clout*! I ween †, my plight is guest;  
For *he that loves, a stranger is to rest*.  
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,  
And *Blouzelinda's* mistress of thy heart.  
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;  
Those arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind*.  
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree;  
Thee *Blouzelinda* smites, *Buxoma* me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Ah *Blouzelind*! I love thee more behalf,  
Than deer their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf.

\* *Shining or bright sky.*

§ *Scarce.*

† *Early.*

‡ *Conceive.*

Woe worth the tongue, may blisters fore it gall,  
That names *Buxoma*, *Blouxelind* withal !

## C U D D Y.

Hold, wife! *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,  
Left blisters fore on thy own tongue arise,  
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,  
The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain !  
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,  
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.  
He taught us erst \* the heifer's tail to view,  
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would straight ensue :  
He first that useful secret did explain,  
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.  
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,  
He told us that the welkin would be clear.  
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,  
And praise his sweet-heart in alternate verse.  
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,  
That *Cloddipole* shall give the prize to me.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

See this tobacco pouch, that's lin'd with hair,  
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow deer :  
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,  
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

## C U D D Y.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch ;  
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

My *Blouxalinda* is the blitheest lass,  
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.  
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,  
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows ;  
Fair is the gilly-flow'r of gardens sweet,  
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet :  
But *Blouxelind's* than gilly-flow'r more fair,  
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

\*. Formerly.

## C U D D Y.

My brown *Buxoma* is the featest maid,  
 That e'er at wake delightfome gambol play'd ;  
 Clean as young lambkins, or the goose's down,  
 And like the goldfinch in her *sunday* gown.  
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,  
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain ;  
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,  
 And my cur *Tray* play deffest \* feats around :  
 But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor *Tray*,  
 Dance like *Buxoma* on the first of *May*.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouxalind* is near ;  
 Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.  
 With her no sultry summer's heat I know ;  
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.  
 Come, *Blouxalinda*, ease thy swain's desire,  
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire !

## C U D D Y.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay,  
 E'en noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday ;  
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,  
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.  
 Eftsoons †, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,  
 And all the year shall then be holiday.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

As *Blouxalinda*, in a gamesome mood,  
 Behind a hay-cock loudly laughing stood,  
 I sily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss ;  
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.  
 Believe me *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to say,  
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

## C U D D Y.

As my *Buxoma*, in a morning fair,  
 With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care.

\* Nimblest.

† Very soon.

I quaintly \* stole a kiss ; at first, 'tis true,  
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.  
*Lobbin*, I swear, believe who will my vows,  
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,  
 Of *Iris* swains potatoes are the cheer ;  
 Oats for their feasts the *Scottish* shepherds grind,  
 Sweet turneps are the food of *Blouzelind* :  
 While she loves turneps, butter I'll despise,  
 Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoes prize.

## C U D D Y.

In good roast-beef my land-lord sticks his knife,  
 The capon fat, delights his dainty wife ;  
 Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,  
 But white-pot thick, is my *Buxoma's* fare.  
 While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,  
 Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blind-man's-buff*, it hapt  
 About my eyes, the towel thick was wrapt :  
 I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*,  
 True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

## C U D D Y.

As at *dot-cockles* once I laid me down,  
 And felt the weighty hand of many a clown ;  
*Buxoma*, gave a gentle tap, and I  
 Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,  
 Now high, now low, my *Blouzelinda* swung :  
 With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,  
 And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

## C U D D Y.

Acrofs the fallen oak, the plank I laid,  
And myfelf pois'd againft the tott'ring maid :  
High leapt the plank, and down *Buxoma* fell ;  
I fpy'd—but faithful sweet-hearts never tell.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canft, explain ;  
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry fwain :  
*What flow'r is that which bears the virgin's name,*  
*The richeft metal joined with the fame ? \**

## C U D D Y.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,  
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight :  
*What flow'r is that which royal honour craves ?*  
*Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis frown on graves. †*

## C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your ftrains ;  
An oaken ftaff each merits for his pains.  
But fee the fun-beams bright to labour warn,  
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.  
Your herds for want of water ftand a-dry ;  
They're weary of your fongs—and fo am I.

To thefe we fhall fubjoin the following eclogue, or foliloquy, written by a lady ; which contains a proper leffon to thofe of her own fex, who are fo weak as to value themfelves on that fading flower, beauty ; and feems intended to recommend fomething more eftimable to their culture and confideration.—The ornaments of the mind are not fo eafily effaced as thofe of the body ; and tho' beauty may captivate and fecure the affections for a time, yet a man of fense will never fo much efteem a fine wife, as a wife one.

\* Mary-gold.

† Rosemary.



*The S M A L L - P O X. A Town Eclogue.**By the Right Hon. L. M. W. M.*

The wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,  
 Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind :  
 A glafs revers'd in her right hand she bore,  
 For now she shun'd the face she fought before.

' How am I chang'd ? alas ! how am I grown ?  
 ' A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !  
 ' Where's my complexion ? where my radiant bloom,  
 ' That promis'd happiness for years to come ?  
 ' Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd ;  
 ' To look once more, my visits oft delay'd !  
 ' Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,  
 ' And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !  
 ' Ah ! faithless glafs, my wonted bloom restore ;  
 ' Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more !  
 ' The greatest good the gods on men bestow,  
 ' Ev'n youth itself to me is useless now.  
 ' There was a time (Oh ! that I cou'd forget !)  
 ' When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet ;  
 ' And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,  
 ' The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.  
 ' Witness, O *Lilly* ; and thou, *Motteux*, tell  
 ' How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.  
 ' With what contempt ye saw me oft despise  
 ' The humble offer of the ruffled prize ;  
 ' For at the raffle still each prize I bore,  
 ' With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore !  
 ' Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more !  
 ' For me the patriot has the house forsook,  
 ' And left debates to catch a passing look :  
 ' For me the soldier has soft verses writ :  
 ' For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.  
 ' For me the wit to nonsense was betray'd ;  
 ' The gamester has for me his dun delay'd,  
 ' And over-seen the card he would have play'd.  
 ' The bold and haughty by success made vain,  
 ' Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain :  
 ' The bashful squire touch'd by a wish unknown,  
 ' Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own ;

- ' Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore ;  
 ' Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more !  
   ' As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,  
 ' New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise !  
 ' Far from my sight that killing picture bear,  
 ' The face disfigure, and the canvas tear !  
 ' That picture, which with pride I us'd to show,  
 ' The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.  
 ' And thou, my toilette ! where I oft have sate,  
 ' While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,  
 ' How curls should fall, or where a patch to place,  
 ' If blue or scarlet best became my face ;  
 ' Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow  
 ' On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow !  
 ' No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore ;  
 ' Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more !  
   ' Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine ;  
 ' Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;  
 ' But midst your triumphs with confusion know,  
 ' 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.  
 ' Wou'd pitying heav'n restore my wonted mein,  
 ' Ye still might move unthought of, and unseen :  
 ' But oh ! how vain, how wretched is the boast  
 ' Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !  
 ' What now is left but weeping, to deplore  
 ' My beauty fled, and empire now no more !  
 ' Ye, cruel chymists, what wish-held your aid ?  
 ' Could no pomatums save a trembling maid ?  
 ' How false and trifling is that art ye boast ;  
 ' No art can give me back my beauty lost !  
 ' In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,  
 ' Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day ;  
 ' MIRMELIO came my fortune to deplore,  
 ' (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)  
 ' Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore !  
 ' Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !  
   ' GALEN, the grave ; officious SQUIRT, was there,  
 ' With fruitless grief, and unavailing care :  
 ' Machaon too, the great Machaon, known  
 ' By his red cloak and his superior frown ;  
 ' And why, he cry'd this grief and this despair ;  
 ' You shall again be well, again be fair ;

- Believe my oath ; (~~with~~ that an oath he swore)
- False was this oath ; my beauty is no more !  
     • Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,
- Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu !
- Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ;
- All strive to serve, and glory to obey :
- Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
- Men mock the idol of their former vow.  
     • Adieu ! ye parks !—in some obscure recess,
- Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,
- Where no false friend will in my grief take part,
- And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;
- There let me live in some deserted place,
- There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.
- Ye operas, circles, I no more must view !
- My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !

We have given the rules usually laid down for pastoral writing, and exhibited some examples which were written on this plan ; but we must beg leave to observe, that this poem may sometimes partake of more dignity, and aspire even to the sublime, without deviating from nature and right reason. The sublime which arises from tumults, wars, and what are (too often falsely called great actions, the Pastoral abhors ; but that which is blended with the tender and pathetic may be introduced with propriety and elegance. And, indeed, if we consider that the first shepherds were many of them princes (for that *Abraham*, *Moses*, and *David*, were such, we have the testimony of the scriptures) it will seem somewhat extraordinary that such pains should have been taken to exclude the sublime from pastoral writing ; and we shall be inclined to admit *Virgil's Pollio*, the *Song of Solomon*, and *Pope's Messiah*, as Pastorals, 'till better reasons are offered to the contrary than have yet appeared ; for the true characteristic of Pastoral, and what distinguishes it from other writings, is its *sole confinement to rural affairs*, and and if this be observed it can lose nothing of its nature by any elevation of sentiment or diction.

As an example of the more dignified and sublime sort of Pastoral, we shall give the young student *Pope's MESSIAH*, which was written in imitation of *Virgil's POLLIO*, together with the translations he has added from *Isaiab*, and *Virgil*, that the reader may see what use both poets have made of the sentiments and diction of the prophet.

MESSIAH. A sacred Eclogue. *In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO*; which is supposed to have been taken, in part, from a *sybiline* prophecy that foretold the coming of Christ.

Ye nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the song;  
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire  
Who touch'd *Isaiab's* hallow'd lips with fire!  
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,  
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son  
From *Jesse's* root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies. 10  
Th' ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
Ye <sup>2</sup> heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
The <sup>3</sup> sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
Returning <sup>4</sup> justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descend. 20  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!

Ver. 8. *A virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.]*

*Virg. E. 4 v. 6.* Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;  
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.  
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,  
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—  
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.

*Isaiab, chap. vii. ver. 14.* Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son—*Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7.* Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; the prince of peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Isaiab, chap. xi. ver. 1.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ch. xlv. ver. 8.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ch. xxv. ver. 4.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ch. ix. ver. 7.*

See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :  
 See <sup>5</sup> lofty *Lebanon* his head advance, 25  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :  
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,  
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies !  
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;  
 Prepare the <sup>6</sup> way ! a God, a God appears : 30  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise ;  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ; 35  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !  
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :  
 Hear <sup>7</sup> him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !

Ver 23. See nature hastes, &c.]

*Virg. E. 4. v. 18.* At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,  
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,  
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—  
 Ipsa tibi blandos cunabula flores.

For thee, O child, shall the earth without being tilled, produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.

*Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 1.* The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. *Chap. lx. ver. 13.* The glory of *Lebanon* shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.

Ver. 29. Hark ! a glad voice, &c.]

*Virg. E. 4. v. 46.* Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.  
 Cara decum soboles, magnum jovis incrementum—  
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant  
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,  
 Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, deus ille Menalca !

*E. 5. ver. 62.*

O come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God !

*Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.* The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord ! make straight in the desert a high way for our God ! every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and bill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. *Chap. iv. ver. 23.* Break forth into singing, ye mountains ! O forest, and every tree therein ! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.

<sup>5</sup> *Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.*

<sup>7</sup> *Ch. xlii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.*

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day. 40  
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
 In <sup>8</sup> adamant chains shall death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
 As the good <sup>9</sup> shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'er fees them, and by night protects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55  
 The promis'd <sup>10</sup> father of the future age.  
 No more shall <sup>11</sup> nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful <sup>12</sup> son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire began;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65  
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren <sup>13</sup> deserts with surprise  
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren deserts, &c.]*

*Virg. E. 4. ver. 28. Molli paulatim flavescit campus arista,  
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,  
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.*

*The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears; and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distill honey like dew.*

*Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes. Ch. lv. ver. 13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*

8. Ch. xxv. ver. 8.      9 Ch. xl. ver. 11.      10 Ch. ix.  
 ver. 6.      11 Ch. ii. ver. 4.      12 Ch. lxxv. ver. 23, 24.  
 13 Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy <sup>14</sup> vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
 The leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed, 75  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.  
 The <sup>15</sup> lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead !  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet  
 And harmless <sup>16</sup> serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial <sup>17</sup> Salem rise ! 85  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !  
 See, a long <sup>18</sup> race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*]

Virg. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ  
 Ubers, nec magnos metuent armenta leones---  
 Occidet & serpens, et fallax herba veneni  
 Occidet — — —

*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk : nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.*

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 3, &c. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together : and a little child shall lead them --- And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, &c.*]

The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which makes the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

*Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo !*

—— totus surget gens auras mundo !

—— incipient magni procedere menses !

*Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo ! &c.*

The reader need only turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

<sup>14</sup> Ch. xli. ver. 19, and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

<sup>15</sup> Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7

<sup>16</sup> Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

<sup>17</sup> Ch. lx. ver. 1.

<sup>18</sup> Ch. lx. v.

In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90  
 See barbarous <sup>19</sup> nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of <sup>20</sup> *Sabaean* springs !  
 For thee *Idume's* spicy forests blow, 95  
 And seeds of gold in *Ophyr's* mountains glow.  
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising <sup>21</sup> sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn ; 100  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The <sup>22</sup> seas shall waste, the skies in smok decay, 105  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns !

19 Ch. ix. ver. 3.

20 Ch. ix. ver. 6.

21 Ch. ix. ver. 20.

22 Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10



## C H A P. XII.

## Of the E P I S T L E.

**T**HIS species of writing, if we are permitted to lay down rules from the examples of our best poets, admits of great latitude, and solicits ornament and decoration ; yet the poet is still to consider that the true character of the Epistle is ease and elegance ; nothing therefore should be forced or unnatural, laboured, or affected, but every part of the composition breathe an easy, polite, and unconstrained freedom.

It is suitable to every subject ; for as the Epistle takes place of discourse, and is intended as a sort of distant conversation, all the affairs of life and researches into nature may be introduced. Those however which are fraught with compliment or condolence, that contain a



description of places, or are full of pertinent remarks, and in a familiar and humourous way describe the manners, vices, and follies of mankind are the best; because they are most suitable to the true character of Epistolary writing, and (business set apart) are the usual subjects upon which our letters are employ'd.

All farther rules and directions are unnecessary, for this kind of writing, is better learned by example and practice, than by precept. We shall therefore in conformity to our plan select a few Epistles for the reader's imitation; which, as this method of writing has of late much prevailed, may be best taken perhaps, from our modern poets.

The following letter from Mr. *Addison* to lord *Halifax*, contains an elegant description of the curiosities and places about *Rome*, together with such reflections on the inestimable blessings of liberty, as must give pleasure to every *Englishman*, especially when he sees them thus placed in direct opposition to the baneful influences of slavery and oppression which are ever to be seen among the miserable inhabitants of those countries.

*A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, in the Year 1701. By Mr. ADDISON.*

While you, my lord, the rural shades admire,  
And from *Britannia's* public posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
Poetic fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
For rising springs and celebrated floods;

To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,  
 To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store,  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And hoary *Albula's* infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
*Eridanus* through flow'ry meadows stray,  
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains  
 The tow'ring *Alps* of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,  
 That destitute of strength derives its course  
 From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source;  
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys;  
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!  
 Such was the *Boyn*, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;  
 Till by your lines and *Nassau's* sword renown'd;  
 Its rising billows through the world resound.  
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 And *Virgil's Italy* should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coasts of *Britain's* stormy isle,  
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
*Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments*  
*To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:*

Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtles bloom,  
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.  
 Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats ;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride :  
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
 When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry  
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.  
 An amphitheatre's amazing height  
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
 That on its public shows unpeopled *Rome*,  
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb :  
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :  
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
 Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,  
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :  
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
 And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow :

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires ;  
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;  
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,  
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone,  
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
 Heroes, and gods, and *Roman* consuls stand,  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown ;  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse,  
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,  
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light,  
 A new creation rises to my sight,  
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;

Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,  
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !  
But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,  
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art;  
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?  
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain :  
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :  
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O liberty; thou goddess heav'nly bright,  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;  
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,  
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, *Britannia's* isle adores ;  
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought ;  
On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
The grapes soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :  
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,  
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen pleiads shine :  
'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smi

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,  
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;  
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,  
Or teach their animated rocks to live :

'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state,  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's Pray'r.  
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite ;  
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
 Whom *Nassau's* arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,  
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
 That longs to lanch into a bolder strain,  
 But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song,  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;  
 Unfit for heroes ; whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, thou'd praise.

There is a fine spirit of freedom, and love of liberty,  
 display'd in the following letter from lord *Lyttleton* to Mr.  
*Pope* ; and the message from the shade of *Virgil*, which is  
 truly poetical, and justly preceptive, may prove an useful  
 lesson to future bards.

*A Letter from the Right Honourable the Lord LYTTLETON  
 to Mr. POPE.*

*From Rome, 1730.*

Immortal bard ! for whom each muse has wove  
 The fairest garlands of th' *Aonian* grove ;  
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,  
 When *Addison* and *Congreve* are no more ;  
 After so many stars extinct in night,  
 The darken'd ages last remaining light !  
 To thee from *Latian* realms this verse is writ,  
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit ;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,  
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;  
From tyrants, and from priests, the muses fly,  
Daughters of reason and of liberty.

Nor *Baia* now, nor *Umbria's* plain they love,  
Nor on the banks of *Nar*, or *Mincia* rove;  
'To *Thames's* flow'ry borders they retire,  
And kindle in thy breast the *Roman* fire.  
So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays  
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,  
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain  
Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign,  
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,  
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy *Italy!* whose alter'd state  
Has felt the worst severity of fate:  
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,  
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;  
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,  
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;  
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,  
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,  
That there the source of science flows no more,  
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in *Latium* shin'd,  
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;  
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty *Rome* was rais'd,  
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!  
Oft I the traces you have left explore,  
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;  
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,  
With ivy's venerable shade o'er-grown;  
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see,  
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on *Virgil's* tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,  
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,  
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes,  
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:  
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid  
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,  
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,  
To *Pope* this message from his master bear.

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,  
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,  
If high exalted on the throne of wit,  
Near *Me* and *Homer* thou aspire to sit,  
No more let meaner satire dim the rays  
That flow majestic from thy noble bays;  
In all the flow'ry paths of *Pindus* stray,  
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;  
Nor when each soft engaging muse is thine,  
Address the least attractive of the nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise  
A lasting column to thy country's praise,  
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast  
That liberty corrupted *Rome* has lost;  
Where science in the arms of peace is laid,  
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.  
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,  
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;  
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,  
With different bays by *Mars* and *Phæbus* crown'd,  
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,  
But pleas'd, a mild *AUGUSTUS* to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,  
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;  
Envy to black *Cacypus* shall retire,  
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;  
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,  
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

The great use of medals is properly described in the ensuing elegant epistle from Mr. *Pope* to Mr. *Addison*; and the extravagant passion which some people entertain only for the colour of them, is very agreeably and very justly ridiculed.

From Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON. Occasioned by his dialogue  
on MEDALS.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!  
How *Rome* her own sad sepulchre appears:  
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!  
The very tombs now vanish like their dead!  
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,  
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :  
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,  
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they !  
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,  
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage ;  
 Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,  
 And papal piety, and gothic fire.  
 Perhaps, by its own ruin sav'd from flame,  
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;  
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
 And give to *Titus* old *Vespasian's* due.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust  
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust :  
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,  
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !  
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,  
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.  
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,  
 Beneath her palm here sad *Judea* weeps ;  
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine* ;  
 A small *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,  
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :  
 In one short view subjected to our eye  
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.  
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,  
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.  
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !  
 To gain *Prescennius* one employs his schemes,  
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in estatic dreams.  
 Poor *Vadius*, long, with learned spleen devour'd,  
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :  
 And *Curio*, restless by the fair-one's side,  
 Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the vanity, the learning thine :  
 Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome's* glories shine ;  
 Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,  
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.



Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;  
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage ;  
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,  
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame ?  
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,  
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?  
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;  
There warriors frowning in historic brass :  
Then future ages with delight shall see  
How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's* looks agree ;  
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,  
A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.  
Then shall thy *Craggs* (and let me call him mine)  
On the cast ore, another *Pollio* shine ;  
With aspect open shall erect his head,  
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,  
" Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,  
" In action faithful, and in honour clear ;  
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;  
" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
" Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

The following letter from Mr. *Philips* to the earl of *Dorset* is entirely descriptive ; but is one of those descriptions which will be ever read with delight.

*Mr. PHILIPS to the Earl of DORSET.*

*Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,  
What present shall the muse to *Dorset* bring,  
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?  
The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.  
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
 No birds within the desert region sing :  
 The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,  
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
 The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play,  
 And spout his waters in the face of day ;  
 The starving wolves along the main sea prow,  
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.  
 O'er many a shining league the level main  
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :  
 There solid billows of enormous size,  
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,  
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.  
 'E're yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
 Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,  
 At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose,  
 And the descending rain unfully'd froze.  
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view  
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :  
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,  
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass ;  
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watry marshes yield,  
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
 The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,  
 Sees chrystal branches on his forehead rise :  
 The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,  
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.  
 The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,  
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.  
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,  
 The crackling woods beneath the tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :  
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,  
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,  
 The traveller a miry country sees,  
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees :

Like some deluded peasant, *Martin* leads  
 Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads ;  
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,  
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,  
 His wandering feet the magick paths pursue,  
 And while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,  
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

We have already observed that the essential, and indeed the true characteristic of epistolary writing is ease ; and on this account, as well as others, the following letter from *Mr Pope* to *Miss Blount* is to be admired.

*From Mr. POPE to Miss BLOUNT, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation.*

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
 Drags from the town to wholesome country air ;  
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;  
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :  
 Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,  
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew :  
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :  
 She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,  
 To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a day ;  
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,  
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;  
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire ;  
 Up to her godly garret after seven,  
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;  
 Whose game is whist, whose treat's a toast in sack :

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—no words !  
 Or with his hound comes hallowing from the stable,  
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;  
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;  
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
 See coronations rise on every green ;  
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights  
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,  
 While the spread fan, o'er-shades your closing eyes ;  
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
 Thus vanish scepters, coronets and balls,  
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,  
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;  
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,  
 Or sees the blush of lost *Parthenia* rise,  
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,  
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight ;  
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.



## C H A P. XIII.

*Of Descriptive P O E T R Y.*

**D**escriptive Poetry is of universal use, since there is nothing in nature but what may be described. As poems of this kind, however, are intended more to delight, than instruct, great care should be taken to make them agreeable. The error which young people are most likely to run into is that of dwelling too long on minute circumstances ; which not only renders the piece tedious, and *trifling*, but deprives the reader of the pleasure he would have in making little discoveries of his own ; for in descriptions that are intended as ornamental, the poet should never

say so much but that the reader may perceive he was capable of saying more, and left some things unobserved in compliment to his sagacity. *Milton's L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are to be admir'd on this account, as well as others, for in these every thing passes as it were in a review before you, and one thought starts a hundred. Descriptive Poems are made beautiful by similes properly introduced, images of feigned persons, and allusions to ancient fables, or historical facts; as will appear by a perusal of the best of these poems, especially those of *Milton* abovemention'd, *Denham's Cooper's Hill*, and *Pope's Windsor Forest*. The *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* we shall introduce as examples, but the others are too long for our purpose.

L'ALLEGRO: *Or the lively Pleasures of Mirth.*

Hence loathed melancholy,  
 Of *Cerberus* and blackest midnight-born;  
 In *Stygian* cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks.  
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell:  
 But come thou goddess fair and free,  
 In heav'n ycleap'd *Euprosyne*,  
 And by men, heart-easing mirth;  
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth,  
 With two sister *Graces* more  
 To ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
*Zephyr* with *Aurora* playing,  
 As he met her once a maying,  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair;  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
*Quips* and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
*Nods* and becks, and wreathed smiles.

Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain nymph sweet Liberty ;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unproved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singling startle the dull Night,  
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
Till the dapple Dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine :  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before :  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
Sometime walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the plow-man near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
*Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures*  
*Whilst the landskip round it measures,*

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes.  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrfis* met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;  
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
 With *Thesylis* to bind the sheaves;  
 Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocond rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holy-day,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy *Mab* the junkets eat;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lanthorn led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;  
 Then lays him down the lubber fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
*Basks at the fire his hairy strength,*

And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings,  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let *Hymen* oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With malk, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If *Johnson's* learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest *Shakespeare*, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild;  
 And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt *Elysian* flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd *Eurydice*.  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth with thee I mean to live.



IL PENSEROSO: *Or the gloomy Pleasures of Melancholy.*

Hence vain deluding joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of *Morpheus'* train.  
But hail! thou goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail! divinest Melancholy,  
Whose faintly visaged is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince *Memnon's* sister might be seen,  
Or that starr'd *Ethiop* queen that strove  
To set her beauties praise above  
The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:  
Yet thou art higher far descended;  
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore  
To solitary *Saturn* bore;  
His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain)  
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.  
Come pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of *Cyprus* lawn,  
O'er thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

There held in holy passion still  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
 And hears the muses in a ring  
 Ay round about *Jove's* altar sing :  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less *Philomel* will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While *Cynthia* checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak .  
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee chauntrefs oft the woods among  
 I woo to hear thy eyen-song ;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wand'ring moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way,  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd ,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with fullen roar ;  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth

Or the belman's droufy charm,  
 To blefs the doors from nightly harm :  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be feen in fome high lonely tow'r,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Beaer*,  
 With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unſphere  
 The ſpirit of *Plato* to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forſook  
 Her manſion in this fleſhy nook :  
 And of thoſe Demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whoſe power hath a true conſent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,  
 Preſenting *I bebes*, or *Pelops'* line,  
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.  
 But, O ſad virgin, that thy power  
 Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,  
 Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,  
 Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did ſeek ;  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold,  
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſiſe*,  
 And who had *Canace* to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,  
 And of the wond'rous horſe of braſs  
 On which the *Tartar* king did ride ;  
 And if ought elſe great bards beſide  
 In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,  
 Of turnies and of trophies hung,  
 Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
 Thus, Night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,  
 Not trickt and flounc't as ſhe was wont  
 With the *Attic* boy to hunt,

But kercheft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gulf hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rusling leaves  
With minute drops from off the eaves:  
And when the sun begins to fting  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude ax with heavy stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep  
Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid:  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.  
But let my dew-feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high-embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light:  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voic'd choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear  
*Dissolve me into extasies,*  
*And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.*

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will chuse to live.

These poems are to be admired, as well for their close, significant, and expressive descriptions, as for the frequent and beautiful use the poet has made of the figure called *Prosopopæia*; by which he has personified almost every object in his view, raised a great number of pleasing images, and introduced qualities and things inanimate as living and rational beings.

We cannot quit this subject without taking some notice of that excellent poem, left us by Mr. *Thomson*, intituled the *Seasons*; which, notwithstanding some parts of it are *didactic*, may with propriety be inserted under this head. †

In this work, the author has given us a poetical, philosophical, and moral description of the four seasons, *viz.* *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*.

Under *Spring*, he has described the season as it usually affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher, and considered the influence of the *Spring* on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and on man; after which he concludes with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, and recommends that of a pure and happy kind. The whole is embellished with suitable digressions, and moral reflections; and wrought up with wonderful art. His Address to heaven in favour of the farmer, and what follows in praise of agriculture, is extremely beautiful.

Be gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow  
Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender showers, descend!  
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
Into the perfect year! nor ye who live  
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :  
 Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung  
 To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refin'd.  
 In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :  
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
 Of mighty war ; then, with victorious hand,  
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

His description of a gentle refreshing rain, and of the rainbow is, I think, inimitable.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now, shut up  
 Within his iron cave, th'afflusive south  
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,  
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.  
 Not such as wintry-forms on mortals shed,  
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
 And full of every hope and every joy,  
 The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath  
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,  
 Or rustling turn the many-twink'ling leaves  
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd  
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse  
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye  
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense  
 The plumed people streak their wings with oil,  
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;  
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,  
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand

The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks  
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.  
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,  
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
 But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends  
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
 And fruits, and flowers, on nature's ample lap?  
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;  
 And while the mighty nutriment distills,  
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds  
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,  
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,  
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.  
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.  
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,  
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks  
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.  
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
 Beskrining earth, the grand ethereal bow  
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,  
 In fair proportion running from the red,  
 To where the violet fades into the sky.  
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds  
 Form, fronting on the sun, the showry prism;  
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd

From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;  
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd  
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,  
 Then vanquish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
 A softened shade, and saturated earth  
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,  
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

That part where he prefers the vegetable to the animal food, and inveighs against the cruelty of destroying those creatures, that are not only inoffensive, but serviceable to us, is pathetic and sublime.

Shall *Man*, whom nature form'd of milder clay,  
 With every kind emotion in his heart,  
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap  
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,  
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he fair form  
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd  
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,  
 Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,  
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,  
 To merit death ? You, who have given us milk.  
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
 Against the winter's cold ? And the plain Ox ;  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
 In what has he offended ? He, whose toil,  
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
 Even of the clown he feeds ?

The description of the garden, and the apostrophe to the Supreme being on that occasion, are both pious and poetical ; as also is the description of the feathered songsters, and their Loves ; but these and other parts, equally beautiful, are too long to be here inserted. The author con-



cludes his poem on Spring with an Eulogium on a happy marriage state.

As the Summer season is more uniform than the Spring, and does not admit of equal variety, the poet, after describing the motion of those heavenly bodies which occasion the succession of seasons, introduces the description of a Summer's day, and speaks particularly of the dawn, sun-rising, and the forenoon; where he considers the Summer insects, and gives us a scene of hay-making, and sheep-shearing, which are natural and poetical. He then describes the noon-day, a wood-land retreat, a groupe of flocks and herds, a solemn grove, and the effect it has on a contemplative mind. He next presents us with a cataract, and a landscape, rude and romantic; whence we are led into the Torrid Zone, to view a Summer there. He then describes a storm of thunder and lightning, which is sufficiently terrible, but is made more so by a pathetic tale of two lovers lost in the tempest. This storm is succeeded by a serene afternoon, in which are described the pastime of bathing and walking. After this, we are presented with the prospect of a well cultivated country, which paves the way for a panegyric on Great Britain, that immediately follows. We are then entertained with descriptions of the sun setting, of the evening, night, summer meteors, and of a comet; and the Poem concludes in praise of natural philosophy.

His description of the morning, of the sun rising, and the hymn on that occasion, are too beautiful to be omitted.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fix'd,  
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,  
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;  
 And soon, observant of approaching day,  
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face,  
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
 Brown night retires: young day pours in a-pace,  
 And opens all th' lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
 Blue thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine:

And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes  
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song ?  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wife ?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, loosing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ?  
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !  
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,  
 Longer than nature craves ; where every muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk ?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,  
 Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
 High gleaming from a-far. Prime chearer light !  
 Of all material beings first, and best !  
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !  
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen  
*Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?*

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourn  
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round  
 Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !  
 Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs  
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
 And not as now the green abodes of life ;  
 How many forms of being wait on thee !  
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfettered mind,  
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,  
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,  
 Parent of seasons ! who the pomp precede  
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,  
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,  
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
 Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay  
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
 A common hymn : while, round the beaming ear,  
 High-seen, the seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours.  
 The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,  
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,  
 And softened into joy the furling storms.  
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; 'till, kindling at thy touch,  
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal treasures, is thy force confin'd :  
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
 Effulgent, hence the veiny-marble shines ;  
 Hence labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd and was

Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of peace  
Hence blefs mankind, and generous commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
The lively Diamond drinks the purest rays,  
Collected light compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,  
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
At thee the Ruby lights its deepning glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes  
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tint,  
The purple-streatning Amethyst is thine.  
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.  
Nor deeper verdure dyes the rope of Spring,  
When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ;  
Or, flying several from its surface, form  
A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
In brighter mazes the relucient stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desert joys  
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
And all the much-transported muse can sing,  
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far ; great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

*How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,  
LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light*

Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;  
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,  
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky ;  
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
 Wide from their Spheres, and chaos come again.

The Description of the Storm is finely painted. —  
 The affecting Tale of the Lovers is also touched up with  
 exquisite art, and answers a two-fold purpose ; for this  
 scene of distress not only heightens the horror of the tem-  
 pest, but adds variety to the Description, and prevents the  
 mind from being fatiated by an enumeration of particu-  
 lars that are of a similar nature.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
 They furious spring. Aboding silence reigns,  
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes  
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook,  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ;  
 And following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,  
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
 Black from the stroke, above, the smould'ring pine  
 Stands a sad shattered trunk ; and, stretch'd below,  
 A lifeless grouse the blasted cattle lie :  
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
 They wore alive, and ruminating still  
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,  
 And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable tower and spiry fane  
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.  
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud  
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and *Snowden's* peak,  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
*Far-seen*, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,  
 And *Thule's* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.  
 And yet not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON  
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair ;  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd : But such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.  
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,  
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,  
 " And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves  
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour.

" Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice,  
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,  
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 " To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace,  
 Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beautiful maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb,  
 The well dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

In the poem on autumn, he introduces a prospect of the fields ready for harvest, with some reflections in praise of industry, which are naturally excited by that scene. We are then presented with a description of reapers in a field, and with a tale relative to it which we shall insert. This is followed by a description of an harvest storm, and of hunting and shooting, with suitable reflections on the barbarity of those pastimes. After which he gives us a description of an orchard, wall-fruit, and a vineyard ; descends on the fogs, that so frequently prevail in the latter part of autumn, and by a beautiful and philosophical digression, endeavours to investigate the cause of springs and rivers. He then considers the birds of season, that now change their habitation, and speaks of the prodigious number that cover the western and northern isles of Scotland. This naturally leads him to describe that country. We are then entertained with a prospect of woods that are fading and discoloured, of moon-light after a gentle dusky day, and of autumnal meteors. The morning succeeds, which ushers in a calm sun-shiny day, such as usually close this season. He then describes the country people at the end of harvest, giving loose to pleasure and dissolv'd in joy, and concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

*The following pleasing and pathetick tale, which is naturally introduced in his description of the reapers, is, if I take not, borrowed from the story of RUTH in the Old Testament.*



Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;  
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,  
 In fair array : each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;  
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but sling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !  
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ;  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind,  
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;  
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.  
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN,  
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride :  
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed ;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,

When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of *Appennine*,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong necessity's supreme command,  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean PALEMEN's fields. The pride of swains  
 PALEMEN was, the generous, and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 But free to follow nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field :

And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 “ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 “ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 “ Of old ACASIO's line ; and to my mind  
 “ Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 “ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 “ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, land,  
 “ And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
 “ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 “ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 “ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 “ His aged widow and his daughter live,  
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 “ Romantic with ! Would this the daughter were !”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful ACASIO ; who can speak  
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.  
 Confus'd, and frightned at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus PALEMEN, passionate, and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou then ACASIO's dear remains ?  
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,  
 “ So long in vain ? O heav'ns ! the very same  
 “ The soften'd image of my noble friend,  
 “ Alive his very look, his every feature,  
 “ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring !  
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
 “ That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,  
 “ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN ?  
 “ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;  
 “ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 “ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?  
 “ O let me now, into a richer soil,

" Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers,  
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;  
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy !  
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 " ACASIO'S daughter, his whose open stores,  
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 " The father of a country, thus to pick  
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;  
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;  
 " If to the various blessings which thy house  
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 " That dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing thee !"

HERE ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA'S fate ;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

In his poem on Winter, he describes the approach of that season, and the various storms of rain, wind and snow that usually succeed ; which is followed by a landscape, or view, of the snow driven into mountains, and a pathetic tale of a husbandman bewilder'd and lost near his own home ; which naturally introduces reflections on the wants and miseries of mankind. He then speaks of the wolves descending from the *Alps* and *Apennines*, and describes a winter Evening, as spent by philosophers, by the country people, and by those in London. He then presents us with a frost, with a view

of winter within the *Polar Circle*, and of a thaw, and concludes the poem with moral reflections on a future state.

His reflections on midnight, and the address to the Supreme Being, are pious and beautiful.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious *Night*,  
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;  
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!  
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!  
Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!  
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The description of a deep snow, and of a husbandman lost in it, with the reflections on the wants and miseries of mankind, are seasonable and pathetic.

As thus, the snows arise; and foul, and fierce;  
All winter drives along the darken'd air;  
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plains:  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of hor

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;  
 While round him night resistless closes fast,  
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,  
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,  
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,  
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
 The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
 In vain his little children, peeping out  
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,  
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !  
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
 The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;  
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,  
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,  
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;  
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;  
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel, this very moment death  
 And all the sad variety of pain.

His conclusion glows with a strain of piety worthy of a christian poet and philosopher, and is too perspicuous and forcible to require or admit of any remark.

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest gloom,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!  
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,  
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,  
Those dreams of greatness? Those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? Those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? Those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights? Those veering thoughts  
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?  
All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole-survives,  
Immortal never-failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high. And see!  
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven, and earth! awakening nature hears  
The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme.*  
Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,  
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd.  
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share  
In life was gay and bitterness of soul:  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
In starving solitude; while luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,

Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd evil is no more :  
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.



## C H A P. XIV.

*Of Didactic or Preceptive Poetry.*

**T**HE method of writing Precepts in verse, and embellishing them with the graces of poetry, had its rise, we may suppose, from a due consideration of the frailties and perverseness of human nature ; and was intended to engage the affections, in order to improve the mind and amend the heart.

Were it possible to inspect into the minds of men, and see their inmost thoughts, we should find, I am afraid, that most of the human race are fond of appearing wiser than they are, and though they wish for knowledge are unwilling to confess the want of it, or to seek after science for fear of being thought ignorant. Yet there are others, especially amongst our youth, who are under no apprehension of this kind, but fly from knowledge only because the roads to it are rugged, and the approaches difficult of access. To soothe therefore the vanity of the one, and to remove the indolence of the other, poetry was called in to the aid of science, which by its peculiar gracefulness and address could soften the appearance of instruction, and render rules that were dull and disagreeable, sprightly and entertaining. The inventor of didactic poetry knew not only the defects of mankind, but likewise the force and power of a genteel and winning address : He consider'd that ignorance and inattention were not the only enemies to science ; but that pride, impatience, and affectation, were likewise to be vanquished ; and therefore adorned and enriched his precepts, that pleasure might allure the one, and keep the other in countenance.



Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

POPE.

Knowledge that is conveyed thus indirectly, and without the appearance of a dictator, will be learned with more ease, sink deeper into the understanding, and so fix itself in the mind as not to be easily obliterated. And these considerations, we may suppose, induced the priests and bards of old to deliver their laws and religious maxims in verse.

Didactic or Preceptive Poetry, has been usually employed either to illustrate and explain our moral duties; our philosophical enquiries; our business and pleasures; or in teaching the art of criticism or poetry itself. It may be adapted, however, to any other subject, and may, in all cases, where instruction is designed, be employed to good purpose. Some subjects, indeed, are more proper than others, as they admit of more poetical ornaments, and give a greater latitude to genius; but whatever the subject is, those precepts are to be laid down that are the most useful, and they should follow each other in a natural easy method, and be delivered in the most agreeable engaging manner. What the prose writer tells you ought to be done, the poet often conveys under the form of a narration, or shews the necessity of in a description; and by representing the action as done, or doing, conceals the precept that should enforce it. The poet, likewise, instead of telling the whole truth, or laying down all the rules that are requisite, selects such parts only as are the most pleasing, and communicates the rest indirectly, without giving us an open view of them; yet takes care that nothing shall escape the reader's notice with which he ought to be acquainted. He discloses just enough to lead the imagination into the parts that are concealed, and the mind, ever gratified with its own discoveries, is complimented with exploring and finding them out; which, tho' done with ease, seems so considerable as not to be obtained but in consequence of its own adroitness and sagacity.

*But this is not sufficient to render didactic poetry always pleasing; for where precepts are laid down one after*

other, and the poem is of considerable length, the mind will require some recreation and refreshment by the way ; which is to be procured by seasonable moral reflections, pertinent remarks, familiar similes and descriptions naturally introduced, by allusions to ancient histories or fables, and by short and pleasant digressions and excursions into more noble subjects, so aptly brought in that they may seem to have a remote relation, and be of a piece with the poem. By thus varying the form of instruction the poet gives life to his precepts, and awakens and secures our attention, without permitting us to see by what means we are thus captivated : and his art is the more to be admired, because it is so concealed as to escape the reader's observation.

The style too must maintain a dignity suitable to the subject, and every part be drawn in such lively colours that the things described may seem as if presented to the reader's view.

But all this will appear more evident from example ; and tho' entire poems of this kind are not within the compass of our design, we shall endeavour to select such passages as will be sufficient to illustrate the rules we have here laid down.

We have already observed, that according to the usual divisions there are four kinds of didactic poems, *viz.* those that respect our moral duties ; our philosophical speculations ; our business and pleasures ; or that give precepts for poetry and criticism.

On the first subject, indeed, we have scarce any thing that deserves the name of poetry, except Mr. *Pope's Essay on Man*, and his *Ethic Epistles* ; from these therefore we shall extract some passages to shew the method he has taken to render these dry subjects entertaining.

The first treats of the nature and state of man with respect to the universe ; considers him in the abstract, and observes, that we can judge only with regard to our own system, since we are ignorant of the relations of other systems and things ; that man is not to be deem'd imperfect ; but a being perfectly suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown ; that it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness is

the present depends. Which last is thus beautifully expressed.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state ;  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;  
 Or who could suffer being here below ?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 Oh blindness to the future kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n :  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest :  
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd, from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo ! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
 His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
 Some happier island in the watry waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.  
*To be content's his natural desire,*  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

He then proceeds to prove that the pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, is the cause of man's error and misery ; and shews the impiety of his presuming to judge of the fitness or unfitness

perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of the dispensations of the Almighty. He represents the absurdity of man's conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural. He shews the unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he craves the perfections of angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of brutes; tho' to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable; as he has thus proved.

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)  
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;  
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,  
But what his nature and his state can bear.  
Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.  
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,  
T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?  
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,  
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?  
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,  
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still  
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?  
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

He observes that throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties may be seen, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. He then treats of the gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, and reason; and observes that reason alone countervails all the other faculties. He enquires how far this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroy'd; and thus beautifully represents the extravagance, madness, and pride, of man's desiring to be other than what he is.

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?  
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd  
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?  
Just as absurd for any part to claim  
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :  
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,  
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;  
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame.  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,  
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
All full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

And this first epistle he concludes by shewing that absolute submission is due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.  
Submit.—— In this, or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :  
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,  
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;  
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;  
All Discord, Harmony, not understood ;  
All partial Evil, universal Good :  
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

*In his second epistle he treats of the nature and state of man with respect to himself as an individual ; and tells*

that the business of man is not to pry into God, but to study himself. He speaks of his middle nature, his powers, frailties, and the limits of his capacities ; observes that the two principles by which he is govern'd, are self-love and reason, which are both necessary, but that self-love is the strongest, and the reason why it is so he has given us in the following lines.

Two principles in human nature reign ;  
Self-love, to urge, and Reason to restrain :  
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,  
Each works its end, to move or govern all :  
And to their proper operation still,  
Ascribe all Good ; to their Improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;  
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.  
Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
And, but for this, were active to no end ;  
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot :  
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,  
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;  
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.  
Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh ;  
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :  
That sees immediate good by present sense ;  
Reason, the future and the consequence.  
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,  
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
The action of the stronger to suspend,  
Reason still use, to reason still attend :  
Attention, habit and experience gains,  
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. —  
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,  
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire :  
But greedy that its object would devour,  
*This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r :*  
*Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,*  
*Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.*

He then speaks of the passions. and their use, and more especially of the predominant or ruling passion; of its necessity, in directing men to different pursuits, and its providential use, in fixing our principles, and ascertaining our virtue.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,  
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :  
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;  
But what composes man, can man destroy ?  
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;  
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :  
'The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife  
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes.  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise :  
Present to grasp, and future still to find,  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;  
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent objects strike ;  
Hence diff'rent passions more or less enflame,  
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ;  
And hence one master-passion in the breast,  
Like *Aaron's* serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
Receives the lurking principle of death ;  
The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :  
So cast, and mingled with his very frame,  
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;  
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,  
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :  
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,  
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Virtue and vice, he observes, are joined in our *mixed* nature, and their limits are near, tho' separate and evi-

He points out the office of reason, describes vice as odious in itself, and yet shews by what means we deceive ourselves into it. He proves that not only the ends of Providence are answer'd in our passions and imperfections, but that the general good is often promoted by them, and shews how usefully they are distributed to all orders of men; points out their use to society, and to individuals in every state, and every age of life, and thus concludes the epistle.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,  
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.  
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,  
The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,  
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.  
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
The starving chymist in his golden views  
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,  
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:  
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite:  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;  
And beads and 'pray'r-books are the toys of age:  
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;  
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er;

Mean while opinion gilds with various rays  
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;  
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,  
And each vacuity of sense by pride:  
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;  
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;  
One prospect lost, another still we gain;  
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;  
Ev'n mean self-love becomes by force divine,  
The scale to measure others wants by thine.  
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,  
'Tis this, *Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.*



In his third epistle, he treats of the nature and state of man with respect to society, and considers the whole universe as one system thereof, in which nothing subsists wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, but wherein the happiness of animals is mutual.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love  
Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,  
Attract, attracted to the next in place,  
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,  
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.

See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply  
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
Nothing is foreign : parts relate to whole ;  
One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;  
The chain holds on, and, where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings :

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?

Loves of his own and raptures swell the note :

The bounding steed you pompously bestride,  
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride :

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?

The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain :

Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :

The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,

Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;  
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.  
 While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !'  
 ' See man for mine !' replies a pamper'd goose :  
 And just as short of reason he must fall,  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

He then proceeds to shew, that reason or instinct operates alike to the good of each individual, and enforces society in all animals. He considers how far society is carried by instinct, and how much farther by reason ; he beautifully describes the state of nature, and shews how reason was instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society.

Thus then to man the voice of nature speak—  
 ' Go, from the creatures thy instruction take :  
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;  
 Learn from the beast the physic of the field ;  
 The arts of building from the bee receive ;  
 Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;  
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
 Here too all forms of social union find,  
 And hence let reason, late instruct mankind ;  
 Here subterranean works and cities see ;  
 There towns aerial on the waving tree :  
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,  
 The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;  
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
 And anarchy without confusion know ;  
 And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,  
 Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.  
 Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,  
 Laws wise as Nature, and as fixt as Fate.  
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,  
 Entangle Justice in her net of Law,  
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;  
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 Yet, go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,  
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;  
 And for those arts mere instinct could afford,  
 Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.

He thence traces out the origin of political societies ; of monarchy, and patriarchal governments, and shews that true religion and government had both their foundation in the principle of love, and that superstition and tyranny arose from the principle of fear. He considers the influence of self-love, as operating to the social and public good ; treats of the restoration of true religion and government on their first principles ; then descants on mix'd governments and their various forms ; and lastly, points out the true end of all, in the following admirable lines.

For forms of government let fools contest ;  
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :  
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :  
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
 But all mankind's concern is charity :  
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,  
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;  
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.  
 On their own axis as the planets run,  
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;  
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;  
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.  
 Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,  
 And bade *self-love* and *social* be the same.

In his fourth epistle he treats of the nature and state of man with respect to happiness, explodes all false notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, and affirms that it is the end of all men, and attainable by all, for God intends happiness to be equal ; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws.

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave,  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;  
 Obvious her goods, in no extream they dwell ;  
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
*Equal is common sense, and common ease.*

*Remember, man, ' the universal cause  
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;*

argument, which would allow of no digressions, studied similes and descriptions, or allusions to ancient fables; the want of which he has supplied, however, with reasonable remarks, and moral reflections; all of them just, and many of them truly sublime.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

The learned editor of the author's works informs us that this poem is only a part of what the poet intended on the subject, and that the whole would have made four books, of which this was to have been the first; but the author's bad state of health, and some other considerations induced him to lay the plan aside: a remnant, however, of what he intended as a subsequent part of this was published under the title of *Moral Epistles*, which are in number four. The first treats of *the knowledge and characters of men*; the second, of *the characters of women*; and the two last, of *the use of riches*; and from the masterly manner in which these are executed the world has great reason to lament the loss of the rest.

We come now to speak of those preceptive poems that concern our philosophical speculations; and these, tho' the subject is so pregnant with matter, affords such a field for fancy, and is so capable of every decoration, are but few. *Lucretius* is the most considerable among the ancients who has written in this manner; and among the moderns I know of none but small detached pieces, except the poem called *Anti-Lucretius*, which has not yet received an *English* dress, and Dr. *Akenfide's Pleasures of the Imagination*; both which are worthy of our admiration. Some of the small pieces are also well executed; and there is one entitled the *Universe*, written by Mr. *Daker*, from which I shall borrow an example.

The author's scheme is in some measure coincident with Mr. *Pope's*, so far especially as it tends to restrain the pride of man, with which design it was professedly written. It may be objected, perhaps, that this poem is not preceptive, and therefore not suitable to our purpose;

but it is to be considered, that if it is not preceptive, it is didactic; if it does not teach by precept, it does by description; and therefore we hope to be allowed the liberty we are about to take.

The passage we have selected is that respecting the planetary system, which is, in our opinion very beautiful.

Unwise! and thoughtless! impotent! and blind!  
Can wealth, or grandeur, satisfy the mind?  
Of all those pleasures mortals most admire,  
Is there one joy sincere, that will not tire?  
Can love itself endure? or beauty's charms  
Afford that bliss we fancy in its arms?—  
Then, let thy soul, more glorious aims pursue:  
Have thy CREATOR and his works in view:  
Be these thy study: hence thy pleasures bring:  
And drink large draughts of wisdom from its spring:  
That spring, whence perfect joy and calm repose,  
And blest content, and peace eternal flows.

Observe how regular the PLANETS run,  
In stated times, their courses round the SUN.  
Diff'rent their bulk, their distance, their career,  
And diff'rent much the compass of their year:  
Yet, all the same eternal laws obey,  
While God's unerring finger points the way.

First MERCURY, amidst full tides of light,  
Rolls next the sun, through his small circle bright.  
All that dwell here must be refin'd and pure:  
Bodies like ours such ardour can't endure:  
Our EARTH would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,  
And all its marble mountains melt away.

Fair VENUS, next, fulfils her larger round,  
With softer beams, and milder glory crown'd.  
Friend to mankind, she glitters from afar,  
Now the bright ev'ning, now the morning star.

More distant still, our EARTH comes rolling on,  
And forms a wider circle round the sun:  
With her the MOON, companion ever dear!

Her course attending through the shining year.

See, MARS, alone, runs his appointed race,  
And measures out, exact the destin'd space:

Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,  
But finds the point whence first he roll'd away.

More yet remote from day's all-cheering source,  
Vast JUPITER performs his constant course:

Four friendly *Moons*, with borrow'd lustre, rise.  
Bestow their Beams, benign, and light his skies.

Farthest and last, scarce warm'd by *Phœbus'* ray,  
Through his vast orbit SATURN wheels away.

How great the change could we be waded there!

How slow the seasons! and how long the year!

One *Moon*, on us, reflects its cheerful light:

There, five attendants brighten up the night.

Here, the blue firmament bedeck'd with stars,

There, over-head, a lucid *Arch* appears,

From hence how large, how strong, the sun's bright ball!

But seen from thence, how languid and how small!—

When the keen north with all its fury blows,

Congeals the floods, and forms the fleecy snows,

'Tis heat intense to what can there be known:

Warmer our poles than is its burning zone.

Who there inhabit must have other pow'rs,

Juices, and veins, and sense, and life than ours.

One moment's cold, like theirs, would pierce the bone,

Freeze the heart-blood, and turn us all to stone.

Strange and amazing must the diff'rence be,

'Twixt this dull *Planet* and bright *Mercury*!:

Yet reason says, nor can we doubt at all,

Millions of *Beings* dwell on either ball,

With constitutions fitted for that spot,

Where Providence, all-wise, has fix'd their lot.

Wond'rous art thou, O God, in all thy ways!

Their eyes to thee let all thy creatures raise;

Adore thy grandeur, and thy goodness praise.

Ye sons of men! with satisfaction know,

God's own right-hand dispenses all below:

Nor good nor evil does by chance befall;

He reigns supreme, and he directs it all.

At his command, affrighting human-kind,

COMETS drag on their blazing lengths behind:

Nor, as we think, do they at random rove,

But, in determin'd times, through long ellipses move.

And tho' sometimes they near approach the sun,  
 Sometimes beyond our system's *Orbit* run ;  
 Throughout their race they act their maker's will,  
 His pow'r declare, his purposes fulfil.

We are now to speak of those preceptive poems that treat of the business and pleasures of mankind ; and here *Virgil* claims our first and principal attention, who in his *Georgics* has laid down the rules of husbandry in all its branches with the utmost exactness and perspicuity, and at the same time embellished them with all the beauties and graces of poetry. Tho' his subject was husbandry, he has delivered his precepts, as an ingenious author observes, not with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. The meanest of his rules are laid down with a kind of grandeur, *and he breaks the clods, and tosses about the dung with an air of gracefulness* \*. Of the different ways of conveying the same truth to the mind, he takes that which is pleasantest ; and this chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and renders *Virgil's* rules of husbandry more delightful and valuable than any other.

These poems which are esteemed the most perfect of the author's works are, perhaps, the best that can be proposed for the young students imitation in this manner of writing ; for the whole of his *Georgics* is wrought up with wonderful art, and decorated with all the flowers of poetry.

In the first of the four books, he proposes the general design of each *Georgic*, and after a solemn invocation of all the heathen deities, who are supposed to be any ways concerned in rural affairs, he addresses himself particularly to *Augustus Cæsar*, whom he compliments with Divinity : then falling in with his subject, he speaks of the different kinds of tillage, that are suitable to different soils ; traces out the origin of agriculture ; presents us with a catalogue of the implements of husbandry, and points out the business peculiar to each season. He next describes the changes of the weather, and the signs in the heavens and the earth, by which the approaching change may be foretold ; and in compliment to *Augustus*, introduces some prodigies which are said to have pre-

\* *Mr. Addison.*

ceded the death of *Julius Cæsar*. This naturally leads him to implore the gods, for the preservation of *Augustus* and of *Rome*, and with this supplication he concludes his first *Georgic*.

After the signs in the heavens, portending the change of weather, which are too many to be here inserted, the prodigies that are supposed to have preceded *Cæsar*'s death, and the destructive war occasioned by it, are very artfully introduced; and, tho' no one can believe that Nature suffered these commotions in behalf of a man who had enslaved his country, yet all will be pleased with the poet's address, and the circumstances he has accumulated on the occasion.

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;  
 And who dares give the Source of Light the lie?  
 The change of empires often he declares,  
 Pierce tumult, hidden treasons, open wars.  
 He first the fate of *Cæsar* did foretel,  
 And pitied *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell.  
 In iron clouds conceal'd the public light,  
 And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.  
 Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:  
 Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.  
 Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,  
 And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.  
 What rocks did *Ætna*'s bellowing mouth expire  
 From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!  
 What clanks were heard, in *German* skies afar,  
 Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!  
 Dire earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,  
 And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:  
 Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;  
 And voices heard of more than mortal men.  
 In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke,  
 And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:  
 The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell:  
 The weeping statues did the wars foretel;  
 And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.  
 Then rising in his might the King of Floods  
 Rush'd thro' the forests, tore the lofty woods;  
 And rolling onward with a sweepy sway,  
 Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring binds away.



Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in town by night,  
 And boding victims did the priests affright.  
 Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high;  
 Nor fork'y light'nings flash'd from such a sullen sky.  
 Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space,  
 Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.  
 For this, th' *Emathian* plains once more were strow'd  
 With *Roman* bodies, and just heaven thought good }  
 To fatten twice those fields with *Roman* blood.  
 Then after length of Time, the lab'ring swains;  
 Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,  
 Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take;  
 And ever empty helmets pass the rake.  
 Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones  
 And mighty relicks of gigantic bones.

The subject of the second book is planting, in which the poet points out all the different methods of raising trees; speaks of their variety, and lays down rules for the management of each. He then describes the soils that are suitable to the different plants; makes a digression in praise of his native country; gives some directions for discovering the nature of each soil; lays down rules for dressing *vines*, *olives*, &c. and concludes with a fine panegyrick on rural life.

As this Georgic abounds with beauties, we shall consider it more particularly, and give the reader some examples of the manner in which he has treated the subject. What he has said with respect to the grafting and management of trees, is worthy of our admiration.

'Tis usual now, an inmate graft to see  
 With insolence invade a foreign tree:  
 Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;  
 And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.  
 The thin-leav'd arbut, hazel-graffs receives,  
 And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.  
 Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,  
 And the white ash is white with blooming pears,  
 And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed,  
 With falling acorns, that from oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state  
 Of plants, to bud, to graft, t'inoculate.  
 For where the tender rinds of trees disclose  
 Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows ;  
 Just in that space a narrow slit we make,  
 Then other buds from bearing trees we take :  
 Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,  
 In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.  
 But when the smoother bole from knots is free,  
 We make a deep incision in the tree ;  
 And in the solid wood the slip inclose,  
 The bating bastard shoots again and grows ;  
 And in short space the laden boughs arise,  
 With happy fruit advancing to the skies.  
 The mother plant admires the leaves unknown.  
 Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Here *Virgil*, in considering the effects of the union between trees of different kinds, attends particularly to those circumstances that seemed the most wonderful, and which not only expressed the capacity and tendency of trees to be thus united, but excited at the same time admiration and pleasure in the mind.—His method of transplanting trees is altogether as beautiful, and concludes with a fine reflection on the force and power of custom.

Some peasants, not t'omit the nicest care,  
 Of the same soil their nursery prepare,  
 With that of their plantation ; lest the tree  
 Transplanted, shou'd not with the soil agree.  
 Besides, to plant it as it was, they mark  
 The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark ;  
 And to the north or south restore the side,  
 Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.  
 So strong is custom, each effects can use  
 In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

But because precepts laid down one after another, notwithstanding all the poet's endeavours to make them *entertaining*, would by degrees tire, *Virgil* suffers the reader sometimes to rest for the sake of a pertinent and

pleasing digression, or leads him out of the road to entertain him with a beautiful description.—Such is that of *Italy*.

But neither *Median* woods, (a plenteous land)  
 Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling golden sand,  
 Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* fields,  
 Nor all the gummy shores *Arabia* yields?  
 Nor any foreign earth of greater name,  
 Can with sweet *Italy* contend in fame. }  
 Nor bulls whose nostrils breathe a living flame  
 Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here  
 Were sown, an armed host, an iron crop to bear.  
 But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,  
 And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,  
 Adorn our fields; and on the chearful green,  
 The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.  
 The warrior horse here bred, is taught to train:  
 There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry plain;  
 Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,  
 The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.  
 Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;  
 Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees; }  
 And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

The following description is of the same beautiful cast; and the reader will observe that these, and indeed all the descriptions in *Virgil*, are so artfully introduced, that they seem to arise naturally out of the principal argument and design of the poem.

But easy quiet, a secure retreat,  
 A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,  
 With home-bred plenty the rich owner blest,  
 And rural pleasures crown his happiness.  
 Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,  
 The country-king his peaceful realm enjoys:  
 Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride  
 Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley glide;  
 And shady groves that easy sleep invite,  
 And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.  
 Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;  
 And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground.

Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.  
 Nor venerable age is wanting there,  
 In great examples to the youthful train :  
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with rites profane.  
 From hence *Astrea* took her flight, and here  
 The prints of her departing steps appear.

*Virgil* begins his third book with an invocation to some of the rural deities, and then, after complimenting *Augustus*, addresses himself to *Mecenas*, and enters on his subject ; which contains rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs : and with these rules are interwoven descriptions of chariot races, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the *Scythian* winter. He then speaks of the diseases incident to cattle, and concludes this Georgic with the description of a fatal murrain, which had raged among the *Alps*.

The whole book is wrought up with great art, and the descriptions in particular are extremely beautiful. His rules for training up young calves to the yoke, and of breaking horses to the different employments they were intended for, are also very happily expressed.

The calf by nature and by genius made  
 To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.  
 Set him betimes to school ; and let him be  
 Instructed there in rules of husbandry ;  
 While yet his youth is flexible and green ;  
 Nor bad examples of the world has seen.  
 Early begin the stubborn child to break ;  
 For his soft neck, a supple collar make  
 Of bending osiers ; and (with time and care  
 Inu'd that easy servitude to bear)  
 Thy flatt'ring method on the youth pursue :  
 Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two,  
 Persuade 'em first to lead an empty wheel,  
 That scarce the dust can raise or they can feel :  
 In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke  
 And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.  
 Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,  
 Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd ;

Their wanton appetites not only feed  
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,  
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,  
And minister the blade, with bounteous hand.  
Nor be with harmful parsimony won  
To follow what our homely fires have done ;  
Who fill'd the pail with beeplings of the cow,  
But all the udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,  
Or for the prize in chariots to contend ;  
Near *Pisa's* flood the rapid wheels to guide,  
Or in *Olympian* groves aloft to ride,  
The gen'rous labours of the courser first  
Must be with sight of arms and sounds of trumpets nurs'd,  
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear ;  
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.  
Sooth him with praise, and make him understand  
The loud applauses of his master's hand :  
This from his weaning, let him well be taught ;  
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought :  
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit ;  
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit ;  
But when to four full Springs his years advance,  
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance ;  
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat,  
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.  
Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought :  
And seem to labour when he labours not.  
Thus, form'd to speed he challenges the wind ;  
And leaves the *Scythian* arrow far behind :  
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins ;  
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains,  
Like *Boreas* in his race, when rushing forth,  
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north :  
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast ;  
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast ;  
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar  
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.  
Thus o'er the *Elean* plains, thy well-breath'd horse  
Impels the flying carr, and wins the course.  
Or, bred to *Belgian* waggons, leads the way ;  
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high,  
 Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.  
 Before his training, keep him poor and low ;  
 For his stout stomach with his food will grow ;  
 The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,  
 Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.

The description which he has given us of a war-horse is (excepting that contained in the book of *Job*) the most animated and beautiful that ever was drawn.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far,  
 The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,  
 Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,  
 Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight:  
 On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,  
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind:  
 His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round ;  
 His chine is double, starting with a bound.  
 He turns the turff, and stakes the solid ground:  
 Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow :  
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

The description he has given us of the distemper among the cattle, and the wonderful change it wrought in the disposition of animals, by making those who were of contrary natures, and obnoxious to each other grow familiar and herd together, is very finely, and very affectingly expressed ; especially this part of it.

Lo ! while he toils the galling yoke beneath,  
 Foaming black blood, the bullock sinks in death :  
 The pensive hind the brother-steer relieves,  
 Who faithful for his lost companion grieves,  
 And the fix'd share amid the furrow leaves.  
 Mean time, nor grassy mead, nor lofty grove,  
 The mournful mate's afflicted mind can move :  
 Nor yet from rocks delicious streams that roll  
 As amber clear, can sooth his sorrowing soul ;  
 His flanks flow loose, his eyes grow dim and dead ;  
 And low to earth he hangs his heavy head.

Ah ! what avails his ceaseless useful toil ?  
 What boots it to have turn'd the stubborn soil ?

Yet ne'er choice massie wines debauch'd his taste,  
 Ne'er did he riot in the rich repast;  
 His food is leafy browze, and nature's grafs,  
 His draught fresh rills, that thro' the meadows pass;  
 Or torrent rushing from the rocky steep;  
 Nor care disturbs his salutary sleep.

Then cars were drawn, while sail'd th'accustom'd kine,  
 By ill-pair'd buffaloes, to *Juno's* shrine.  
 And men with harrows toil'd to till the plain,  
 And with their nails dug in the golden grain;  
 The rattling waggon's galling yoke sustain'd,  
 And up the rocky steep laborious strain'd.

The wily wolf, no more by hunger bold,  
 With secret step explores the nightly fold.  
 Deers herd with hounds, and leave their *Sylvan* seat,  
 And seek with man to find a safe retreat.  
 Thick on the shores, like ship-wreck'd corpses cast,  
 Appear the finny race of ocean vast;  
 Th' affrighted *Phocæ* to the rivers haste.  
 His cave no more to shield the snake avails;  
 Th' astonish'd hydra dies erecting all his scales.  
 Ev'n their own skies to birds unfaithful prove,  
 Headlong they fall, and leave their lives above.

*Virgil* lays down the rules of tillage and planting with wonderful art in his two first books. He has, as the author of the essay on his *Georgics* observes, a sort of rustic majesty about him, and seems like a *Roman* dictator at the plough tail. The second book has indeed most wit in it, and abounds with bolder metaphors than are found in any of the rest; for in this the poet attributes the passions of human life to the vegetable creation. The third book, however, seems more laboured and spirited, and the descriptions, in particular, are more animated and lively; especially those of the murrain among the cattle, the *Scythian* winter, and the horse and chariot races. But he seems most delighted with the subject of his fourth book, where he is got among the bees. In this *Georgic* he points out the situation most proper for bees; tells us when they begin to gather honey, directs how to call them home when they swarm, and how to part them.

when they are engaged in battle. He then speaks of their different kinds ; and, after a beautiful excursion, returns again to the hive, gives us an account of their political administration of affairs, and of the several diseases, that often rage among them, with the symptoms that attend each disease, and prescriptions for its cure. He then lays down a method for raising a new stock, when the whole breed is lost, and concludes with the history of its invention, which is fabulous and extravagant enough, but at the same time very poetical and pleasing. The nature and government of the bees he thus beautifully describes.

Describe we next the nature of the bees,  
 Bestow'd by *Jove* for secret services :  
 When by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,  
 The king of heav'n in *Cretan* caves they fled,  
 Of all the race of animals, alone .  
 The bees have common cities of their own,  
 And common sons, beneath one law they live,  
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.  
 Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall :  
 All is the state's, the state provides for all.  
 Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain :  
 And hoard for winter's use, the summer's gain.  
 Some o'er the public magazines preside,  
 And some are sent new forage to provide :  
 These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home  
 Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb.  
 With dew, *Narcissus* leaves, and clammy gum.  
 To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive ;  
 Some nurse the future nation of the hive :  
 Sweet honey some condense, some purge the grout ;  
 The rest, in cells a-part, the liquid *nectar* shut.  
 All, with united force, combine to drive  
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive.  
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds :  
 With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.  
 As when the *Cyclops*, at th' almighty nod,  
 New thunder hasten for their angry God :  
 Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies,  
 One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies ;



And draws and blows reciprocating air :  
 Others to quench the hissing mass prepare :  
 With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,  
 And chime their sounding hammers in a row ;  
 With labour'd anvils *Aina* groans below.  
 Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,  
 With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.  
 If little things with great we may compare,  
 Such are the bees, and such their busy care :  
 Studious of honey, each in his degree,  
 The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee :  
 That in the field ; this in affairs of state,  
 Employ'd at home, abides within the gate ;  
 To fortify the combs, to build the wall,  
 To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall :  
 But late at night, with weary pinions come  
 The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden home.  
 Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies ;  
 The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs :  
 He spoils the saffron flow'rs, he sips the blues  
 Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.  
 Their toil is common, common is their sleep ;  
 They shake their wings when morn begins to peep ;  
 Rush thro' the city gates without delay :  
 Nor ends their work, but with declining day :  
 Then having spent the last remains of light,  
 They give their bodies due repose at night ;  
 When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells,  
 Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll 'em to their cells.  
 When once in beds their weary limbs they sleep,  
 No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,  
 'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,  
 When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day :  
 But near the city walls their wat'ring take,  
 Nor forage far, but short excursions make.

And as when empty barks on billows float,  
 With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat ;  
 So bees bear gravel stones, whose poising weight  
 Steers thro' the whistling winds their steady flight.

But what's more strange, their modest appetites,  
*Averse from Venus* fly the nuptial rites.

No lust enervates their heroick mind,  
Nor waste their strength on wanton woman-kind,  
But in their mouths resides their genial pow'rs,  
They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.  
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat :  
And thus their little citizens create :

And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.  
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,  
And sink beneath the burdens which they bear,  
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats :  
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.

Thus thro' the race of life they quickly run ;  
Which in the space of seven short years is done ;  
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,  
The fortune of the family remains ;  
And grandfires grandsons the long list contains.

Besides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more  
With servile awe, their idol king adore :  
While he survives, in concord and content  
The commons live, by no divisions rent ;  
But the great monarch's death dissolves the government.  
All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive  
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.  
The king presides, his subjects toil surveys ;  
The servile rout their careful *Cæsar* praise :  
Him they extol, they worship him alone.  
They crowd his levies, and support his throne :  
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout :  
And when their sov'reigns quarrel call 'em out,  
His foes, to mortal combat they defy,  
And think it honour at his feet to die.

The comparison he has drawn between the labours of the bees and those of the *Cyclops* is truly poetical ; and the description of the battle between the two swarms at the beginning of this book is attended with as much noise, hurry and fury, as any engagement in the *Æneid*. The method of appeasing these warriors by throwing dust in the air is a circumstance beautiful in itself and finely introduced : And the speech of *Proteus*, and the instructions given at the end of this fable for obtaining a new

stock of Bees, with the description of their nature and generation, will be ever the subject of admiration.

By the extracts and observations we have made, the reader will see that the rules we have laid down to render this sort of poem delightful, are all to be found in *Virgil*; or rather, which indeed is the truth, he will perceive that we have drawn our rules from his great example. *Virgil* has omitted nothing that would contribute to make his precepts pleasing; and his fables, allegories, descriptions, similes, reflections, remarks, digressions, &c. seem all to spring spontaneously out of his subject, and are so contrived that they naturally bring him to it again. Even the episode of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, tho' very long, is in the place *Virgil* has assign'd it, a beauty of the first magnitude, and is the more interesting for being pathetic.

We are now to speak of those poems which give precepts for the recreations and pleasures of a country life, and of these we have several in our own language that are justly admired. As the most considerable of those diversions, however, are finely treated by Mr. *Gay* in his *Rural Sports*, we shall draw some examples from him, and first of angling.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,  
Judgment will tell the proper bait to chuse;  
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size  
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;  
And if too small, the naked fraud's in fight,  
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.  
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,  
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:  
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,  
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;  
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams;  
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,  
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,  
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.  
You now a more delusive art must try,  
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide  
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride,  
 Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wise  
 The shining bellies of the fly require ;  
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
 Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.  
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
 And lends the growing insect proper wings :  
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,  
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.  
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,  
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;  
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,  
 Dazles our eyes, and easier hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
 How the succeeding insect race appear ;  
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,  
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains:  
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try  
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly ;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw ;  
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size,  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds,  
 So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,  
 That nature seems to live again in art.  
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,  
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair ;  
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,  
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;  
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,  
 With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,  
 Against the stream now gently let it play,  
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.  
 The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear  
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;

But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,  
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,  
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.  
If an enormous salmon chance to spy  
The wanton errors of the floating fly,  
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;  
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,  
And bears with joy the little spoil away.  
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,  
Lashes the wave and beats the foamy lake :  
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;  
And now again, impatient of the wound,  
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round ;  
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.  
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,  
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;  
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,  
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;  
Each motion humours with his steady hands,  
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :  
'Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,  
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize  
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;  
Then draws him to the shore with artful care,  
And lifts his nostrils in the sickning air :  
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,  
Stretching his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

What he has given us on the other rural diversions is  
altogether as natural, and beautiful as the preceding.

Nor less the spaniel skilful to betray,  
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.  
Soon as the labouring horse with swelling veins,  
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains.

To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,  
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;  
 Wandring in plenty, danger he forgets,  
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets:  
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose  
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;  
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,  
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey;  
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,  
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear,  
 Then (lest some centry fowl the fraud descry,  
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)  
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,  
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.  
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,  
 And glancing *Phæbus* gilds the mountain's head,  
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,  
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:  
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,  
 And drives his chariot down the western way,  
 Let your obsequious ranger search around,  
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:  
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,  
 But numerous covies gratify the pain.  
 When the meridian sun contracts the shade,  
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade,  
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,  
 Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains,  
 In vain his toils th' unskillful fowler tries,  
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.  
 Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,  
 But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.  
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:  
 The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;  
 The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,  
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;  
 The scattering lead pursues the certain flight,  
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.  
 Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand  
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;  
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,  
 Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake.

Not closest coverts can protect the game:  
 Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim ;  
 The woodcock flutters ; how he wav'ring flies !  
 The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,  
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing :  
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,  
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.  
 Nor shall the mountain lark the muse detain,  
 That greets the morning with his early strain ;  
 When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,  
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,  
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze :  
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies,  
 The light enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;  
 The hound must open in these rural strains.  
 Soon as *Aurora* drives away the night,  
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,  
 The healthy huntsman, with a chearful horn,  
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;  
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,  
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds ;  
 Wide through the furzy field their route they take,  
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake ;  
 The flying game their smoaking nostrils trace,  
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;  
 The distant mountains echo from afar,  
 And hanging woods resound the flying war :  
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courier hears,  
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;  
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,  
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;  
 Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,  
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.  
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?  
 Hark ! death advances in each gust of wind !  
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,  
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies ;  
 Till spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,  
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

We cannot part from Mr. *Gay* without taking some notice of his *Trivia*, or *Art of Walking the Streets*; a didactic poem of the burlesque kind, which he has heighten'd and made entertaining, by many diverting fictions, similes, digressions and descriptions, very poetically and artfully introduced. Of these the following fable, by which he accounts for the rise of the *Patten*, is finely conceived.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise :  
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.  
Let *Persian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray ;  
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,  
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad ;  
*Britain* in winter only knows its aid,  
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.  
But, O! forget not, muse, the patten's praise,  
That female implement shall grace thy lays ;  
Say from what art divine th' invention came,  
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,  
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil :  
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,  
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :  
*Martha* (her careful mother's name) she bore,  
But now her careful mother was no more.  
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,  
*Patty* he fondly called the smiling maid ;  
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,  
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,  
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,  
And singing to the distant field repairs :  
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,  
The milky burden smokes upon her head,  
Deep, thro' a miry-lane she pick'd her way,  
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.  
*Vulcan* by chance the blooming maiden spies,  
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,



He saw, he lov'd, for yet he ne'er had known  
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah *Mulciber*! recal thy nuptial vows,  
Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,  
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms?

The *Lemnian* power forsakes the realms above,  
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:  
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,  
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.  
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
And early strokes the founding anvil warm:  
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,  
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,  
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.  
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;  
What woman can resist the force of praise?

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,  
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:  
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,  
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews;  
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,  
And granted kisses, but would grant no more:  
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,  
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;  
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,  
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,  
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,  
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,  
And bear her safely through the wintry ways;  
Straight the new engine on the anvil glows,  
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.  
No more her lungs are shok with dropping rheums,  
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.  
The God obtain'd his suit; though flattery fail,  
Presents with female virtue must prevail.  
The patten now supports each frugal dame,  
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.

Another

Another fable, or rather episode, he has inserted, in which, with great humour he employs the heathen Gods and Goddesses in making materials to set up a black-shoe-boy, who was son to the Goddess *Cloacina*, whence the poet derives the origin of that trade; and what makes it yet more droll and diverting, he has gravely introduced it with a ridicule on one of the rules laid down to render these sort of poems the more agreeable.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,  
The voice of industry is always near.  
Hark, the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,  
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand,  
Here let the muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,  
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;  
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,  
And show the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)  
Of old was wont this nether world to range  
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd  
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,  
And e'en the proudest Goddess now and then  
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;  
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,  
Each, like her better, had her earthly passion.  
Then *Cloacina* (Goddess of the tide  
Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)  
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;  
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;  
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,  
Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace:  
She gaz'd, she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy  
In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;  
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling sound  
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows  
That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,  
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,  
Her bosom panting with expected joys.  
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,  
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;

In the black form of ciader-wench she came,  
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;  
To the dark alley arm in arm they move :  
O may no link-boy interrupt their love.

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,  
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace)  
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,  
Nor midst her anguish to *Lucinda* pray'd ;  
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,  
Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy.

The child through various risques in years improv'd,  
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd ;  
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,  
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear  
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,  
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,  
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain !

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,  
And long had sought his suff'rings to redress ;  
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,  
To teach his hands some beneficial art  
Practis'd in streets : the Gods her suit allow'd,  
And made him useful to the walking croud,  
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe  
With nimble skill the glossy black renew,  
Each power contributes to relieve the poor :  
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar  
*Diana* forms his brush; the God of day  
A tripod gives; amid the crowded way  
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;  
Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil  
Prest from th' enormous whale : the God of fire,  
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,  
Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,  
And aids with foot the new japaning art ;  
Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,  
Lights in *Fleet-ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,  
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,  
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,  
And view'd below the black canal of mud,

Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,  
 Whose torrents rush from *Halbourn's* fatal sleep ;  
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,  
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;  
 At length he sighing cry'd ; That boy was blest,  
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;  
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)  
 Whom both a father and a mother own :  
 But I, alas ! hard fortune's utmost scorn,  
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan-born !  
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,  
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ;  
 When times comes round, a *Christmas* box they bear,  
 And one day makes them rich for all the year.  
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,  
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,  
 For lesser boys can drive ; I thirsty stand  
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand,  
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,  
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide  
 In widen'd circles beats on either side ;  
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round,  
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd ;  
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black  
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back ;  
 Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,  
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.  
 Now beck'ning to the boy ; she thus begun ;  
 Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son :  
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,  
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.  
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil,  
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;  
 On this methinks I see the walking crew,  
 At thy request support the miry shoe,  
 The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,  
 And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.  
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,  
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud ;  
 The youth straight chose his post ; the labour ply'd,  
 Where branching streets from *Cbaring-cross* divide ;

His treble voice resounds, along the *Meuse*,  
And *Whitehall* echoes — *Clean your honour's shoes.*

Episodes, and poetical fictions, properly introduc'd, have a most admirable effect in preceptive poetry; for they take off the attention of the mind, when fatigued with dry precepts, and lead it to subjects that are entertaining. They may, in this respect, be compared to inns placed at proper distances on the road, where, when a man is tired, he may stop to refresh himself.

But the humour and art of this author is so powerful, that he can make us laugh even at circumstances that should excite a different sensation; as will appear by the following description.

O roving muse, recal that wondrous year,  
When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air;  
When hoary *Thames*, with frosted osiers crown'd,  
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound,  
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,  
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,  
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town;  
And wander roads unstable, not their own:  
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,  
And raise with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.  
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,  
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.  
Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,  
And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair,  
So when a gen'ral bids the martial train  
Spread their incampment o'er the spacious plain;  
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,  
And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:  
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,  
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours  
When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs;  
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;  
Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice.

*Doll* ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;  
Her neck grew wrapt beneath autumnal loads

Of various fruits ; the now a basket bore,  
 That head alas ! shall basket bear no more.  
 Each booth she frequent pass, in quest of gain,  
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.  
 Ah Doll ! all mortals must resign their breath,  
 And industry itself submit to death !  
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,  
 Her head chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies ;  
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,  
 And Pip pip-pip along the ice resounds.

We should here treat of those preceptive poems that teach the art of poetry itself, of which there are many that deserve particular attention ; but we have anticipated our design, and render'd any farther notice of them in a manner useless, by the observations we have made in the course of this work. We ought however to remark, that *Horace* was the only poet among the ancients, who wrote precepts for poetry in verse, at least his epistle to the *Piso's* is the only piece of the kind that has been handed down to us ; and that is so perfect it seems almost to have precluded the necessity of any other. Among the moderns we have several that are justly admired, which the reader will find, occasionally mentioned in different parts of this volume.

We are now to speak of those precepts that respect criticism ; and here we shall be obliged to draw all our examples from Mr. *Pope*, who is, perhaps, the only author that has laid down rules in this manner for the direction of the judgment. His essay is of a mix'd nature, and may not improperly be called the *Art of Poetry* as well as *Criticism*. This, however, is not to be considered as a blemish, but a beauty in his production.

Mr. *Pope* introduces his poem with this very just observation, that it is as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and more dangerous to the publick. He then proceeds to shew, that a true taste is as difficult to be found as a true genius ; and observes, that tho' most men are born with some taste, yet it is generally spoiled by a false education. He takes notice of the multitude of critics, and tells us in the following lines that we ought to study our

own taste, and know the limits of our genius, and judgment, before we attempt to criticise on others.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
And justly bear a critic's noble name,  
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,  
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;  
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

And in the following beautiful lines he refers us to nature as the best, and indeed, the only unerring guide to the judgment.

First follow NATURE, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same ;  
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art.  
Art from that fund, each just supply provides ;  
Works without show, and without pomp, presides :  
In some fair body thus th' informing soul  
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;  
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.

But the judgment, he observes, may be improved by the rules of art, which rules, if just and fit, are only nature methodised ; and as these rules are derived from the practice of the ancient poets, the ancients, particularly *Homer* and *Virgil*, ought to be study'd by the critic.

You then whose judgment the right course wou'd steer,  
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character ;  
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page ;  
Religion, country, genius of his age :  
Without all these at once before your eyes,  
Cavil you may, but never criticize.  
Be HOMER's works your study, and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night ;  
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring  
And trace the muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;  
And let your comment be the *Mantuan* muse.

He then speaks of the licences allow'd to poetry, and of the use of them by the ancients ; which is thus happily expressed.

Some beauties yet, no precepts can declare,  
For there's a happiness as well as care.  
Musiick resembles poetry ; in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach. }  
If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)  
Some lucky LICENCE answers to the full  
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.  
Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,  
May boldly deviate from the common track.  
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;  
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.  
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains  
The heart, and all its ends at once attains.  
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes, }  
Which out of nature's common order rise,  
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.  
But care in poetry must still be had,  
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad :  
And tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,  
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
Moderns beware ! Or if you must offend  
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;  
Let it be seldom ; and compell'd by need ;  
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.  
The critic else proceeds without remorse,  
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.  
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,  
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,



Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,  
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.  
 A prudent chief not always must display  
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,  
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,  
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
 Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

After this he speaks of the reverence and praise due to the ancients, observes that pride and imperfect learning hinder us from forming a true judgment, and illustrates his subject with a most beautiful simile.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest byas rules,  
 Is PRIDE, the never failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride:  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind;  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.  
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind,  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:

But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,  
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

He then condemns those who judge by a part and not the whole of a performance, as well as those who are critics only in *Wit*, *Language*, or *Verseification*, and ridicules others who are too hard to please, or too apt to admire.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit,  
 With the same spirit that its author writ :  
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.  
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,  
 Correctly cold and regularly low,  
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep :  
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,  
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;  
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
 But the joint force and full result of all.

Some to *conceit* alone their taste confine,  
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;  
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;  
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.  
 Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace  
 The naked nature and the living grace,  
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,  
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
 For works may have more wit than does them good,  
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express  
 And value books, as women men, for dress :  
 Their praise is still,—the style is excellent :  
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;

The face of nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay :  
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,  
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

But most by *numbers* judge a poet's song ;  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :  
 In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneless fools admire ;  
 Who haunt *Parhassus* but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds ; as tosse to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire :  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :  
 While they ring round the same unvar'd chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;  
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line, it, " whispers thro' the trees :"  
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with " sleep :"  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an eccho to the sense.

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such,  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much,  
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
 That always shews great pride or little sense ;  
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;  
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :  
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,  
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

The poet next complains of the partiality of critics  
 to some particular sect, party, nation, or age : He observ

that some give all applause to the ancients, some admire only the moderns; that some affect to be singular whether right or wrong, while others borrow their opinions from the town, and change them, as they change their company.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,  
But catch the spreading notion of the town;  
They reason and conclude by precedent,  
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then  
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;  
But always think the last opinion right.  
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,  
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;  
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,  
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,  
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:  
Fondly we think we honour merit then,  
When we but praise ourselves in other men;  
Parties in wit attend on those of state,  
And public faction doubles private hate.  
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;  
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:  
For envy'd wit, like sol eclips'd, makes known,  
Th' opposing body's grossness, not his own.  
When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,  
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;  
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,  
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;  
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.  
Short is the date alas, of modern rhymes,  
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

He then laments the fate of wit, which is ever pursued by envy, and advises the critic to temper his mind with good nature.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,  
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.  
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :  
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,  
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.  
 Now, they who reach *Parnassus*' lofty crown,  
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;  
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :  
 But still the worst with most regret commend,  
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.  
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,  
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise !  
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.  
 Good nature and good sense must ever join ;  
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

He observes, and very justly, that severity ought to be pointed at those pieces of immorality, obscenity, and blasphemy, that tend to corrupt the minds of mankind, but withal adds this necessary caution.

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,  
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;  
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,  
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

After this the poet gives rules for the conduct and manners in a critic, and recommends candour, modesty, good-breeding, sincerity, and freedom of advice ; yet points out some cases where our counsel is to be restrained, and where advice would be ineffectual. He then draws the characters of an incorrigible poet, an impertinent critic, and a good one.

LEARN then what MORALS critics ought to show,  
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.  
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;  
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :  
 That not alone what to your sense is due  
 All may allow ; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;  
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :  
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so ;  
 But you, with pleasure own your error past,  
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;  
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;  
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.  
 Without good breeding, truth is disapproved ;  
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence :  
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.  
 With mean complaisance ne'er betray your trust ;  
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.  
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;  
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.  
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to refrain,  
 And charitably let the dull be vain :  
 Your silence there is better than your spite ;  
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?  
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,  
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd a-sleep.  
 False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.  
 What crouds of these, impertinently bold,  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,  
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,  
 Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,  
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,  
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.  
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,  
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
 And always list'ning to himself appears.  
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,  
 From Dryden's fables down to Dursley's tales.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,  
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite ;  
 Not dally prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;  
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere ;  
 Modestly bold, and humanity severe :  
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?  
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;  
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;  
 Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;  
 And love to pause, with reason on his side ?

Here the poet introduces a concise history of criticism, with the characters of the best critics, viz. *Aristotle*, *Horace*, *Dionysius*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*. He then speaks of the decay of criticism and of its revival ; gives us short characters of *Erasmus*, *Vida*, *Bossuet*, the duke of *Buckingham*, lord *Roscommon*, and concludes with an eulogium on his late friend and preceptor Mr. *Walsh*.

Thus have we given the reader the whole scope and design of Mr. *Pope's* essay, with an abstract of his precepts, and some of those ornamental parts which he has artfully and judiciously thrown in to enrich and adorn his rules, and render them the more permanent and pleasing. Had we introduced all the beauties, we must have transcribed the whole poem, which, notwithstanding the subject runs so much into common place, is indeed so full of them, that what the author says of *Longinus*, may with propriety be applied to himself.

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Him all the nine inspire,  
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire.  
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,  
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;  
 Whose own examples strengthens all his laws ;  
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

We shall conclude this article on criticism with an observation of Dr. *Garrick's*, which may help to excite candour in the professors of this art ; an ingredient very necessary, yet much wanted by our modern critics.

" 'Tis to be lamented, says he, that gentlemen still continue to behave thus unfairly, and treat one another

every day with most injurious libels. The Muses should be ladies of chaste and fair behaviour ; when they are otherwise, they are Furies. 'Tis certain, that *Parnassus* is at best but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more so by their unneighbourly deportment. The authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own society ; yet every day may convince them how much a rich fool is respected above a poor wit. The only talents in esteem at present are those of *Exchange Alley* ; one tally is worth a grove of bays ; and 'tis of more consequence to be well red in the tables of interest, and the rise and fall of stocks, than in the revolution of empires. This reflection was occasioned by the treatment Mr. *Dryden* met with, who (says the Doctor) was libelled in his life-time by the very men who had no other excellencies, but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have sentiments superior to all others, they charged him with theft : But how did he steal ? No otherwise, than like those who steal beggars children, only to cloath them the better. As his earlier works wanted no maturity, so his latter wanted no force or spirit ; and the falling off of his hair had no other consequence than to make his laurels be seen the more."

Poets who write in the preceptive manner should take care to chuse such subjects as are worthy of their muse, and of consequence to all mankind ; for to bestow both parts and pains to teach people trifles that are unworthy of their attention, is to the last degree ridiculous.

Among poems of the useful and interesting kind, Dr. *Armstrong's* Art of preserving health deserves, I think, particular notice, as well in consideration of the subject, as of the elegant and masterly manner in which he has treated it ; for he has made those things, which are in their own nature dry and unentertaining, perfectly agreeable and pleasing, by adhering to the rules observed by *Virgil* and others in the conduct of these poems.

The author has divided this poem into four books, and considered how our health is promoted or impair'd by air, diet, exercise, and the passions. It opens with an invocation to *Hygeia* the goddess of health, whose aid, he observes, the difficulty of the subject has render'd necessary.



Without thy chearful active energy  
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
 No more the maids of *Helicon* delight.  
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay !  
 Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,  
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :  
 “ How best the fickle fabric to support  
 “ Of mortal man ; in healthful body how  
 “ A healthy mind the longest to maintain.”  
 ’Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse  
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;  
 Harder in clear and animated song,  
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.  
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace  
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
 Thro’ paths the muses never trod before.

He then pays a compliment to *Dr. Mead*, and entering on the subject *air*, inveighs against that which we breathe in *London*, and says,

—————It is not air  
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
 Of nature, when from shape and texture she  
 Relapses into fighting elements :  
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath,  
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more  
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.

The reflection he has made on the benefit we receive from burning of pit-coal is truly philosophical, and drawn from experience ; for, it has been observed, that no plague or pestilential disorder (properly so called) has appear’d in *London* since the introduction, and general use of this kind of fuel.

The directions he then gives for the choice of air, and of a country situation, are delivered in a manner very poetical and pleasing.

While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds  
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,  
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
 That fans the ever undulating sky ;  
 A kindly sky ! whose soft'ning pow'r regales  
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
 Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles  
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
 To us there wants not many a happy seat ;  
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise  
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.  
 See where enthron'd, in adamantine state,  
 Proud of her Bards, imperial *Wind* for fits ;  
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove  
 Fast by the slowly-winding *Thames* ; or where  
 Broader she laves fair *Richmond's* green retreats,  
 (*Richmond* that sees an hundred villas rise  
 Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage  
 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides  
 Umbrageous *Ham* ! But if the busy town  
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,  
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess  
 In *Hampstead*, courted by the western wind ;  
 Or *Greenwich*, waving o'er the winding flood ;  
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
 Of *Dulwich*, yet by barb'rous arts unspoil'd.

We have already taken notice of the allusions to ancient fables in *Virgil* and others, and of the frequent use made of the figure called *Prosopopœia*, by which the properties of life are given, not only to inanimate Beings, but to Virtues, Vices, Diseases, &c. Some of these beauties will be seen in the first paragraph of the following passage.

Green rise the *Kentish* hills in chearful air ;  
 But on the marshy plains that *Essex* spreads  
 Build not, nor rest too long, thy wand'ring feet.  
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
*Quartana* there presides : a meagre fiend  
 Begot by *Eurus*, when his brutal force

Compress'd the slothful *Naiad* of the fens.  
 From such a mixture sprung, this fetul pest  
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land,  
 Cold tremors come, and mighty love of rest,  
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains  
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,  
 And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;  
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.  
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;  
 The vigor sinks, the habit melts away ;  
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom  
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.  
 And oft the forc'refs, in her sated wrath,  
 Relinquishes them to the furies of her train ;  
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain,  
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;  
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :  
 Nor for the wealth that all the *Indies* roll  
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.  
 For from the humid soil and watry rain  
 Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air  
 For ever weeps ; or turgid with the weight  
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.  
 Skies such as these, let ev'ry mortal shun,  
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,  
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh  
 Or any other injury that grows  
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,  
 Skin ill-perpiring, and the purple flood  
 In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;  
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,  
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,  
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph  
 Which by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay  
 Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,

Their tender ever-moving structure thaws,  
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
 That slow as *Lethe* wanders thro' the veins :  
 Unactive in the services of life,  
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'  
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
 The melancholy fiend, (that worst despair  
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man  
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain  
 Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adust  
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.  
 Fly, if you can, these violent extremes  
 Of air ; the wholesome is not moist nor dry,  
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd  
 To half mankind, a further task ensues ;  
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,  
 How breathe unhurt the withering element,  
 Or hazy atmosphere.

He then reflects on the force of custom, and the friendly power of native air ; which is so great, that they who are born and nurtured in those countries where the air is esteem'd bad, not only live in health, but are often recover'd by their native air from disorders caught in more friendly climates. He advises those, however, who live in marshy, or woody countries, to drain the bogs, and clear away the trees, so as to obtain a free circulation of air ; and to pay at the same time a proper regard to diet, and exercise.

Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel  
 The humid air : and let your table smoke  
 With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds  
 Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds  
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.  
 Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,  
 But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,  
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,  
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.  
 But neither these nor all *Apollo's* arts,

Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
 Unless with exercise and manly toil  
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.

—————If drougthy regions parch  
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood,  
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,  
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air,  
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
 And into lakes dilate the running stream  
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,  
 The moist relaxing vegetable store  
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied  
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,  
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,  
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass  
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave,  
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood  
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow:  
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess  
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl  
 Of keen sherbet the sickle taste relieve.  
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups  
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.  
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls  
 His horrors o'er the world; thou may'st indulge  
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach  
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air  
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts  
 Allow.

And to those who would avoid an over-moist air, he  
 lays down the following rules both for situation and  
 building; which are season'd with such reflections as ren-  
 der them more profitable, as well as more pleasing.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun  
 Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign  
 Swells into chearful hills; where marjoram  
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;

And where the \* *Cymorodon* with the rose  
 For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil  
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.  
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep  
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.  
 And let them see the winter morn arise,  
 The summer ev'ning blushing in the west ;  
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind  
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,  
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
 O ! when the growling winds contend, and all  
 The sounding forests fluctuates in the storm,  
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din  
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.  
 The murmuring rivalet, and the hoarser strain  
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,  
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.  
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
 Where health is studied ; for whatever moves  
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
 And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.  
 Besides the sportive brook for ever shakes  
 The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,  
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
 Of purest element, refreshing still  
 Your airy seat.

He then recommends a dry house, *but airy more than warm*, because those who confine themselves to warm rooms are, when abroad, extremely subject to colds ; the ceilings too should be lofty, and the windows at mid-day open'd to discharge the foul air. He would have a fanny situation, where the windows open to the south, the excellency of which is proved from a consideration of the state plants are in when confined to a perpetual shade, and this book he concludes with an Apostrophe to the sun, which is truly sublime.

————— How sickly grow,  
 How pale the plants in those ill-fated vales

\* The wild rose, or that which grows on the wild briar.

That, circled round with the gigantic heap  
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope  
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !  
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames  
 The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows  
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;  
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,  
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.  
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand  
 The soft'ning sun : whose energy divine  
 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose gen'rous heat  
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,  
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.  
 Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,  
 We count thy beams, great majesty of day !  
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,  
 First-born of heaven, and only less than God !

*Diet*, the subject of the second book would not admit of so much poetical ornament as the proceeding, yet this is not without its beauties. At the beginning the author speaks of the circulation of the blood, and of its continual waste, which is supplied by fresh aliments reduced by the concoctive powers into chyle, and then into blood ; and, before he enters on the rules of diet, makes this just observation.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind  
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;  
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,  
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,  
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass  
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;  
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
 Nor that which *Cestria* sends, tenacious paste  
 Of solid milk.

This is follow'd by some rules for the choice of food, in which the author observes that liquid food, vegetables, and young animals, are easiest of digestion : But he inveighs against such animal food as is made fat by unnatural means.

Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,  
 Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,  
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,  
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;  
 A race of purer blood, with exercise  
 Refin'd and scanty fare : For, old or young,  
 The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.  
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth  
 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste  
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.  
 The languid stomach curses even the pure  
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :  
 For more the oily aliments relax  
 Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph  
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)  
 Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles.  
 The woo'd embrace —————

Chuse leaner vianer viands, ye whose jovial make  
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :  
 Chuse sober meals ; and rouse to active life  
 Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' infeebling down,  
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.  
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,  
 With chearful ease and succulent repast  
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme  
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

Taught by experience soon you may discern  
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;  
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,  
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue ;  
 Or much diminish or too much increase  
 Th' expence, which nature's wise oeconomy,  
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.

He justly observes that every creature, except man,  
*directed by instinct to its proper aliment This is so true  
 that their instinct has often been of the utmost consequence  
 to those who have failed in quest of countries undiscov'ed  
 where they never attempt to eat any fruits which*



birds have not fed on. But man, voluptuous man, says  
our author, feeds with all the commoners of nature, and

Is by superior faculties misled ;  
Mistled from pleasure even in quest of joy.  
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste  
And mad variety, to spur beyond  
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !  
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;  
And know that temperance is true luxury.  
—— Would you long the sweets of health enjoy  
Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal  
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,  
Of every realm. It matters not mean while  
How much to morrow differ from to-day ;  
So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.  
But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
With caution fruits you never tried before.  
For want of use the kindest aliment  
Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage  
Of poison to mild amity with life.

He then points out the mischiefs that attend eating to  
excess, even of any aliment, and advises us to observe  
the calls of nature, but not so as to eat too freely after  
long abstinence.

When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait  
\*Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :  
For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme  
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.  
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb  
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
Off to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege  
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne,  
And hear, ye hardiest sons that *Albion* breeds  
*Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;*

The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;  
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day ;  
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
Than war or famine.

But tho' the extremes of eating, or of fasting, are to be avoided, it is imprudent to confine the stomach to all ways to the same exact portion; for, as he observes;

— it much avails  
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
 From this to that: So nature learns to bear  
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury  
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.

He then speaks of the regimen necessary to be observed in the several seasons of the year, and recommends in the summer the tender vegetable brood, with the cool manviands of the dairy; but tells us that

Pale humid winter loves the generous board,  
The male more copious, and a warmer fare !  
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer  
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
Th' empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,  
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen  
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain  
Descending, nature by degrees invites  
To glowing luxury. But from the depth  
Of winter when th' invigorated year  
Emerges ; when *Favonius* flush'd with love,  
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;  
Then shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;  
And learn, with wise humanity, to check  
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :  
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand  
The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd

Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;  
 Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

This passage is, I think, very beautiful, as also is the following introduction to his precepts for drinking water, and the subsequent lines concerning the choice, and proper use of that element.

Now come, ye *Naiads*, to the fountains lead;  
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.  
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
 Of waters thundring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
 First springs the *Nile*; here bursts the sounding *Po*  
 In angry waves; *Euphrates* hence devolves  
 A mighty flood to water half the *East*;  
 And there, in gothic solitude reclin'd,  
 The chearless *Tanais* pours his hoary urn.

———— The task remains to sing  
 Your gifts, (so *Pæon*, so the powers of health  
 Command) to praise your crystal element:  
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;  
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment  
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! with eager lips  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
 New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
 None warmer sought the fires of human kind.  
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods  
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!

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Learn temperance, friends; and bear without disdain  
The choice of water. Thus the \* *Coan* sage  
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school.  
What least of foreign principles partakes  
Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch  
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;  
The most insipid; the most void of smell.  
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides  
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale  
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts  
And summer's heat secure.

And this subject of water-drinking he concludes with  
some observations, on the proper use of other liquors,  
which are drawn from nature and experience. His  
reflection also on the nature of fermented liquors, and its  
tendency to resist putrefaction, and of consequence to  
tard digestion, is very just and philosophical.

Nothing like simple element dilutes  
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.  
But where the stomach, indolently given,  
Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
Th' insipid stream; tho' golden *Ceres* yields.  
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;  
Perhaps more active. Wine uamix'd, and all  
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss  
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire,  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
Th' embody'd mafs. You see what countless years,  
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,  
The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,  
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,  
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels  
The loit'ring crudities that burthen life;  
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears

'Th' obstruſted tubes. —————  
 Then learn to revel ; but by ſlow degrees :  
 By ſlow degrees the liberal arts are won ;  
 And *Hercules* grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth  
 The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein  
 In cups by well inform'd experience found  
 The leaſt your bane ; and only with your friends ;  
 There are ſweet follies ; frailties to be ſeen  
 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh ! ſeldom may the fated hours return  
 Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taſte,  
 Except when life declines, even ſober cups.

————— For know, whate'er  
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on  
 The ſanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,  
 High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil  
 Protracted, ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,  
 And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.

Our author ends this book with ſome ſublime reflections on the mutability and decay of all things ; and then enters on exerciſe, the ſubject of his third book ; which tho' barren, and one would think incapable of many ornaments, is yet made agreeable by his manner of treating it ; for in this, as well as in the laſt, he has, like an able ſculptor, drawn harmony, beauty, and expreſſion, out of very rude and unpromiſing materials.

This book is addreſs'd to thoſe of a delicate frame ; to whom he thus points out the importance of exerciſe.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils  
 In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies :  
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
 Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.  
 He knows no laws by *Eſculapius* given ;  
 He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs  
 Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly  
 When rapid *Sirius* fires th' autumnal noon.  
 His habit pure, with plain and temperate meals,  
 Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd

To ev'ry casualty of vary'd life ;  
 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,  
 And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;  
 The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
 Mellow'd, and subtilis'd ; the vapid old  
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.  
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray  
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk.  
 Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source  
 Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn  
 Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed,  
 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch  
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport  
 Intent, with emulous impatience try  
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey  
 Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer ;  
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake  
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But should this exercise be too laborious, he invites us to the brook, and here pays a grateful tribute to the river *Liddal*, which waters the place of his nativity, and in which he has often employed himself in fishing and swimming ; or should you think these diversions of hunting and fishing inhumane and barbarous, as the author observes the *Pythagoreans* did, and some of the *Indians* now do, he leads you to the garden's *soft amusement and humane delight*, there to partake of the exercise which employ'd the first parents of mankind. From this the author deviates to the pleasures of rural life and conversation, and concludes the digression with these hospitable lines.

---

Sometimes, at eve,  
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid  
 His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,  
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;  
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace  
 ———— e'er amuses or improves the mind.

Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste  
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,  
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)  
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman  
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;  
 And at my table find himself at home.

He then returns to his subject and recommends tennis, dancing, and shooting; but in the choice of exercise advises every person to indulge his own taste.

He chuses best, whose labour entertains  
 His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate  
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

After he has treated of the importance and choice of exercise, he introduces these precepts for our conduct.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves  
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.  
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,  
 At first but saunter; and by slow degrees  
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
 Well knows the master of the flying steed.  
 When all at once from indolence to toil  
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coat,  
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.  
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
 With dangerous inundation.

But when the hard varieties of life  
 You toil to learn; or try the dusty chase;  
 Or the warm deeds of some important day;  
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs  
 In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,  
 Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears  
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,  
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven  
 Such myriads o'er th' irretrievable deep.

He then descends to bathing, and recommends a  
per use of the cold bath in our climate to those w  
constitutions will admit of it.

Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n  
To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,  
I praise their dauntless heart. —————

But to those who live in sultry climes a frequent u  
the warm bath is recommended, and sometimes ir  
own ; where it is of the greatest consequence to h  
as well as beauty.

Let those who from the frozen *Arctos* reach  
Parch'd *Mauritania*, or the sultry west,  
Or the wide flood that waters *Indostan*,  
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave  
Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free  
'Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin  
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
With us, the man of no complaint demands  
'The warm ablution just enough to clear  
'The fluices of the skin, enough to keep  
'The body sacred from indecent soil.

He then speaks of the hours and seasons fit for  
cise ; advises labour when fasting, or when the sto  
is but lightly fed, to those of a corpulent frame ; wh  
exercise after the meat is digested, and before he  
returns, is best for those of a lean habit : But all s  
abstain from labour immediately after a full meal.

But from the recent meal no labours please,  
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work  
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :  
A work of time : and you may rue the day  
You hurry'd, with untimely exercise,  
A half concocted chyle into the blood.  
*The body over-charged with unctuous phlegm*  
*Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.* —



While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,  
 No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape  
 The slow diseases of the torpid year ;  
 But from the burning *Lion* when the sun  
 Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood  
 Too much already maddens in the veins,  
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin  
 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade  
 Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove,  
 No needless slight occasion should engage  
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.  
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve  
 To shady walks and active rural sports  
 Invite. But, while the chillings dews descend,  
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
 Of humid skies ; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy  
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,  
 While the soft ev'ning saddens into night :  
 Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves  
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

And we have the pleasure of rest after labour, and an admonition against eating too much, and too late at night, pointed out in the following beautiful lines.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
 Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops  
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
 Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd  
 A pleasing lassitude : ———  
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
 In deep oblivion ; or on fancy's wings  
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,  
 And waken chearful as the lively morn ;  
 Oppress not nature sinking down to rest  
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full.

This is followed by a caution against misapplying those hours wherein nature intended we should rest ; which is heighten'd and made more pleasing, by the beautiful *simile* and moral reflection with which it concludes.

In study some protract the silent hours,  
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;  
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.  
 But surely this redeems not from the shades  
 One hour of life. —————  
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,  
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils  
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.  
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies  
 Creep on, and thro' the sickning functions steal.  
 So, when the chilling east invades the spring,  
 The delicate *Narcissus* pines away  
 In hectic languor ; and a slow disease  
 Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd  
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?  
 O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille,  
 And midnight cares, the bloom of *Albion* dies !

He then points out the reason why those who la-  
 obtain so much refreshment from sleep, while the indolent  
 hardly find any relief.

By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind  
 Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon  
 With generous streams the subtile tubes supply ;  
 And soon the tonick irritable nerves  
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.  
 The sons of Indolence, with long repose,  
 Grow torpid ; and with slowest *Lethe* drunk,  
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,  
 Blunt every sense, and pow'rless every limb.

This passage he concludes, by recommending a  
 matrafs, or elastic couch, to those who are too much  
 to sleep, in order to wean them from sloth. But he  
 observes, that some people require more, others less  
 and that all changes of this sort are to be brought  
 by gentle means. And

Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,  
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

As it was necessary under this article to say something about cloathing the body, the author makes a few just observations on the variations of the seasons; which he concludes with these lines.

————— The cold and torrid reigns,  
The two great periods of th' important year,  
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:  
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,  
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.  
He well advis'd who taught our wiser fires  
Early to borrow *Muscovy's* warm spoils,  
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;  
And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring  
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays;  
For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
Its native measure, the pleuritic spring  
Glides harmless by; and autumn, sick to death  
With fallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

We have already observed, that allusions to ancient fables or historical facts have a fine effect in preceptive poems. In this before us the author, when considering the different shapes in which death approaches the human race, takes notice of the blood spilt by the *Plantagenets*, and of the sweating sickness, which swept off such amazing numbers of *Englishmen* in every clime, and of *Englishmen* only; for foreigners, tho' residing in this country, were no ways affected with that disorder: and this, tho' a subject incapable, as it were, of ornament, he has wrought up with so much art, that it is both pathetic and pleasing.

What he has said on the passions, the subject of the fourth book, begins with the following reflection, which is truly philosophical, and very properly introduces the sentiments that follow it.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)  
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,

That animates and moulds the grosser frame ;  
 And when the body sinks escapes to heav'n,  
 Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.  
 Mean while this heav'nly particle pervades  
 The mortal elements, in every nerve  
 It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain,  
 And, in its secret conclave, as it feels  
 The body's woes and joys, this ruling power  
 Wields at its will the dull material world,  
 And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame  
 Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.  
 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode  
 The solid fabric : for by subtle parts,  
 And viewless atoms, secret nature moves  
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.  
 By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes  
 The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.  
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;  
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;  
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these  
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought, as he observes, (for every  
 ment the mind is employ'd) 'tis painful thinking ; 'tis  
 anxiety that attends severe study, discontent, care, h  
 hatred, fear and jealousy, that fatigues the soul and  
 pairs the body.

Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears ;  
 The lover's paleness ; and the fallow hue  
 Of envy, jealousy ; the meagre stare  
 Of sore revenge : the canker'd body hence  
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

For reading he gives us a precept that may be  
 tremely useful to the studious.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;  
 And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,  
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.  
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;

And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive  
 The restless blood, which in unactive days  
 Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.  
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
 What posture suits : To stand and sit by turns,  
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,  
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well  
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit  
 Of knowledge bent; it starves the grosser powers :  
 Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose  
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs  
 Than what the body knows embitter life.

After this the poet gives us a striking picture of the dreadful effects of our misguided passions, which is heightened with many admirable reflections, some of which I shall here insert.

For while yourself you anxiously explore,  
 Timorous self-love, with sickning fancy's aid,  
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
 And ever galls you in your tender part.  
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
 For grim religion some, and some for pride,  
 Have lost their reason : some for fear of want,  
 Want all their lives ; and others every day  
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

And what avails it, that indulgent heaven  
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come ;  
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?  
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,  
 Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,  
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.  
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to heav'n.

And those chronic passions which spring from real woes, and from no disorder in the body, are not to be reason'd down, as he observes, but to be cured by so

diversions or business as will fill the mind, or remove from the object of its concern.

Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,  
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the chearful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud ;  
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the way  
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour.

He then inveighs against drinking, the common source in disorders of this kind, and observes, that, the intoxicating draught may relieve for a time ; pains will return with ten-fold rage. And this he illustrates with a beautiful simile.

But soon your heav'n is gone, a heavier gloom  
Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thund'ring stream  
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;  
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast  
Subside, you languish into mortal man ;  
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.  
For prodigal of life in one rash night  
You lavish'd more than might support three days.

He then points out the mischiefs that attend drunkenness ; such as losing friends by unguarded words ; doing rash deeds that are never to be forgotten which may haunt a man with horror to his grave ; the loss of money, health and decay of parts ; and then proposes grateful filial tribute to the memory of his father ; and advice on the conduct of life he thus recommends.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,  
The disappointments, and disgusts of those  
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;  
The precepts here of a divine old man  
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retained  
*His manly sense, and energy of mind.*

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;  
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him e'en the dissolute admir'd ; for he  
 A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on,  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,  
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

In the parts that follow are contain'd some lessons for  
 the conduct of life, from which we shall insert a few  
 maxims.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pity'd man : and much he pity'd those  
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

With respect to indolence and luxury we have this lesson,  
 which concludes with a definition of virtue and  
 sense, and their good effects.

Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,  
 And for your friend ; be busy even in vain,  
 Rather than teize her fated appetites.  
 Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;  
 Who never toils nor watches, never sleeps.  
 Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy  
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.  
 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.  
 But him the least the dull or painful hours  
 Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
 And virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.  
 Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin ;  
 Virtue and sense are one : and, trust me, he  
 Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.  
 Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)  
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity ;  
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;  
 The peace and shelter of adversity.

The gawdy gloss of fortune only strikes  
 The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise,  
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

But from this digression (or episode) the poet naturally returns to his subject.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage  
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught  
 Truths as refin'd as ever *Athens* heard ;  
 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
 Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway  
 He knew, as far as reason can controul  
 The lawless powers. But other cares are mine :  
 Form'd in the school of *Pæon*, I relate  
 What passions hurt the body, what improve :  
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and serene  
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
 Hence the most vital movement mortals feel.  
 Is hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul.  
 It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven  
 Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths  
 Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;  
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing.

He then speaks of the good and bad effects of I  
 and with regard to consummation, he says ;

Is health your care, or luxury your aim,  
 Be temperate still ; when nature bids, obey ;  
 Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb :  
 But when the prurient habit of delight,  
 Or loose imagination, spurs you on  
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
 To nature : nature all compulsion hates.

The poet then proceeds to other passions, and the  
 description he has given us of anger and its dreadful effects  
 is very beautiful and very just.



But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway  
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
 And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.  
 For pale and trembling anger rushes in,  
 With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;  
 Fierce as the tyger, madder than the seas,  
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.  
 How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man  
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !  
 Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,  
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,  
 Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades ;  
 But he whom anger flings, drops, if he dies,  
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;  
 Or a fierce fever hurries him away.  
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,  
 And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

But there are constitutions to which these boisterous  
 fits, these violent sallies of passion, may be sometimes  
 serviceable.

For where the mind a torpid winter leads,  
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,  
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;  
 A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,  
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.

Those however whose blood is apt to boil, and who are  
 easily moved to wrath he wou'd have,

Keep lent for ever ; and forswear the bowl.

And then offers something to the consideration of those  
 whose turbulent tempers move them to seek revenge.

While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong ;  
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.  
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;  
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.

The poet then seeks a remedy for these evils, sets it  
 contrary passions in opposition, so that they may coun-

act each other ; and at last recommends musick as the most effectual.

He then concludes the whole with an encomium on the power of poetry and of music united, which is enrich'd with allusions to ancient fables and historical facts ; materials that we have often recommended as proper ornaments for these sort of poems.

But he the muse's laurel justly shares,  
A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire ;  
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy *Saul*.  
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
The man who bade the *Theban* domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;  
And such the *Thracian*, whose harmonious lyre,  
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;  
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,  
And half-redeem'd his lost *Eurydice*.  
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;  
And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd  
One power of phycic, melody, and song.

We have dwelt long enough, perhaps too long, on this subject ; but as these poems are of such use, that what is taught in this agreeable manner will remain for ever fix'd on the memory, it seem'd the more necessary to be very particular and explicit in the rules, and to give variety of examples. We have only to add to what has been already said, that the great art in the conduct of these poems is so to adorn and enliven the precepts that they may agreeably strike the imagination ; and to deliver them in such an indirect manner, that, the form of

instruction being concealed, the reader may grow wiser without perceiving he is taught, and that while the most useful lessons are inculcated, the whole may appear only as an amusement. For this reason it is necessary often to digress from the subject, and to introduce episodes of such a nature that at the end they may lead you naturally to your subject again, and then seem of a piece with it. Many instances of these kinds of digressions may be seen in the authors we have mention'd, but especially in *Virgil*, who, after he has been wandering, and to all appearance forgot his husbandmen and their concerns, is by some happy rural incident, arising naturally out of his subject, brought back to his business again, and connects and makes every thing he has met with conducive to his main design.

In these digressions and episodes it is also of the utmost consequence to introduce the pathetic, and agitate the affections; for it is ever to be observed, in works of this nature, that a digression properly introduced, and so as to awaken the passions, and strike the heart, is of more importance than a multitude of ornamental descriptions, and will be read again and again with pleasure; while, to other passages that are merely instructive, the mind can hardly attend a second time, tho' ever so well decorated. *The understanding feels no pleasure in being instructed often in the same thing*; but the heart is ever open to an affecting tale, and receives a pleasure every time it is repeated.

With regard to the style or dress of these poems, it should be so rich as to hide the nakedness of the subject, and the barrenness of the precepts should be lost in the lustre of the language. 'It ought (says Mr. *Warton* \*) to abound in the most bold and forcible metaphors, the most glowing and picturesque epithets; it ought to be elevated and enliven'd by pomp of numbers and majesty of words, and by every figure that can lift a language above the vulgar and current expressions.' One may add, that in no kind of poetry (not even in the sublime ode) is beauty of expression so much to be regarded as in this. For the epic writer should be very cautious of in-

\* See his Dissertation on Didactic Poetry.

dulging himself in too florid a manner of expression, especially in the dramatic parts of his fable, where he introduces dialogue: And the writer of tragedy cannot fall into so nauseous and unnatural an affectation, as to put laboured descriptions, pompous epithets, studied phrases, and high-flown metaphors, into the mouths of his characters. But as the didactic poet speaks in his own person, it is necessary and proper for him to use a brighter colouring of stile, and to be more studious of ornament. And this is agreeable to an admirable precept of *Aristotle*, which no writer should ever forget, — ‘that diction ought most to be labour’d in the unactive, that is the descriptive parts of a poem, in which the opinions, manners and passions of men are not represented; for too glaring an expression obscures the manners and the sentiments.’

We have already observed that any thing in nature may be the subject of this poem. Some things however will appear to more advantage than others, as they give a greater latitude to genius, and admit of more poetical ornaments. Natural history and philosophy are copious subjects. Precepts in these might be decorated with all the flowers in poetry; and, as *Dr. Trapp* observes, how can poetry be better employed, or more agreeably to its nature and dignity, than in celebrating the works of the great Creator, and describing the nature and generation of animals, vegetables, and minerals; the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; the motions of the earth; the flux and reflux of the sea; the cause of thunder, lightning, and other meteors; the attraction of the magnet; the gravitation, cohesion, and repulsion of matter; the impulsive motion of light; the slow progression of sounds; and other amazing phænomena of nature. Most of the arts and sciences are also proper subjects for this poem, and none are more so than its two sister arts, painting and music. In the former, particularly, there is room for the most entertaining precepts concerning the disposal of colours; the arrangement of lights and shades; the secret attractives of beauty; the various ideas which make up the one; the distinguishing between the attitudes proper to either sex, and every passion; the representing prospects of buildings, banded

or the country; and lastly, concerning the nature of imitation, and the power of painting. What a boundless field of invention is here? What room for description, comparison, and poetical fable? How easy the transition, at any time, from the draught to the original, from the shadow to the substance? and from hence, what noble excursions may be made into history, into panegyric upon the greatest beauties or heroes of the past or present age? The task, I confess is difficult; but, according to that noted, but true saying, *so are all things that are great.*



## C H A P. XV.

## Of T A L E S.

A Tale implies nothing more than a relation of a simple action, and therefore should not be embarrassed with a multitude of foreign circumstances, but may admit of such digressions as arise naturally from the subject, and do not break in upon, or obscure the main design. It should inculcate some useful lesson, and be both interesting and perplexing, in order that it may excite and support the attention of the reader; for great part of the pleasure or entertainment which the mind receives from a well-written Tale, will be found to arise from the suspense and anxiety we are kept in; and which, (as in the plot of a Tragedy or Comedy) should not be removed till the end. Were the whole scope and design, or, if I may so speak, the point of the Tale first discovered, the reader would grow languid and indifferent, and have nothing to attend to but the diction and versification.

The reader will find these rules illustrated in the *HERMIT*, a Tale, by Mr. PARNEL; which we esteem an excellent example.

*The HERMIT. A Tale. By Mr. PARNES.*

Far in a wild, unknown to publick view,  
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew :  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.  
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,  
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :  
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost :  
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress  
 Calm nature's image on its watry breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answer'ing colours glow ;  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,  
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books, or swains report it right ;  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew).  
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the Sun a rising journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;  
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
 His rayment decent, his complexion fair,  
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;  
 And hail, my son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd :  
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd  
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;  
 'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,

While in their age they differ, join in heart :  
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound ;  
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey :  
 Nature in silence bid the world repose :  
 When near the road a stately palace rose :  
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,  
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :  
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
 The pair arrive : the liv'ry servants wait ;  
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
 The table groans with costly piles of food,  
 And all is more than hospitably good.  
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
 Deep sunk in sleep, and sick, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;  
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :  
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who 'spies a serpent in his way,  
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;  
 So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,  
 The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.  
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;  
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;  
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
 And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.  
 Warn'd by the signs the wand'ring pair retreat,  
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat ;  
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;  
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,  
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
 The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,  
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.  
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain  
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
 ('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)  
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;  
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :  
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
 And why shou'd such, (within himself he cry'd)  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,  
 In every settling feature of his face !  
 When from his vest the young companion bore  
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
 'The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly,  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
 A fresher green the smiling leaves display,  
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day ;  
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.



While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought  
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;  
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :  
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;  
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,  
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :  
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
 From him you come, for him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed ;  
 When the grave household round his hall repair,  
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose  
 Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;  
 Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept  
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
 And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,  
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.  
 Horror of horror ! what ! his only son !  
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?  
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,  
 He lies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.  
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :  
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,  
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
 Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in ;  
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
 Detested wretch ! but scarce his speech began,  
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :  
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;  
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
 Wide at his back the gradual plumes display.  
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light,  
 Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do :  
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
 But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,  
 (The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :  
 These charms, success in our bright region find,  
 And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind :  
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky ;  
 Nay, cease to kneel — Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
 Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends  
 On using second means to work his ends :  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,  
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise  
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?

Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door  
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind,  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his fordid soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the *Child* half wean'd his heart from God ;  
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again :  
To what excesses had his dotage ran ?  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,  
Had that false *servant* sped in safety back,  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind : this tryal o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.  
Thus look'd ELISHA, when to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view,  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.  
The *bending Hermit* here a prayer begun,  
*Lord ! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.*

Then gladly turning, fought his ancient place,  
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

We shall conclude this chapter with Mr. *Gay's* Tale of the apparition; which, tho' written in the burlesque manner, with such exquisite humour, and just and pleasant raillery, is conformable to the rules here laid down for these compositions.

*A true STORY of an APPARITION, by Mr. GAY.*

Scepticks (whose strength of argument makes out  
That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)  
Hold this assertion positive and clear,  
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.  
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound  
Call'd *Brutus* to *Philippi's* fatal ground;  
Nor can *Tiberius Gracchus'* goary shade  
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.  
Strait they with smiles reply; those tales of old  
By visionary Priests were made and told:  
Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,  
And make you own conviction by your fear!  
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,  
Which with such idle legends scares the muse:  
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,  
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights;  
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,  
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,  
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,  
The common spectres of each country-town.  
No, I such fables can like you despise,  
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.  
Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright  
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?  
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,  
Which on the conscious murtherers steps attend?  
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,  
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where *Arden's* forest spreads its limits wide,  
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,

A trav'ler took his solitary way ;  
 When low beneath the hills was sunk the day ;  
 And now the skie, with gath'ring darkness lowr,  
 The branches ruffle with the threaten'd shower ;  
 With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,  
 Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,  
 Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,  
 And heav'n discharges all its watry stores.  
 The wand'ring trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,  
 And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain ;  
 On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,  
 Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way ;  
 And now he checks the reign, and halts to hear  
 If any noise foretold a village near.  
 At length from far a stream of light he sees  
 Extend its level ray between the trees ;  
 Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came,  
 Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame  
 That trembled thro' the window : cros'd the way  
 Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood  
 Upon the borders of the spacious wood ;  
 Here towers and antique battlements arise,  
 And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies ;  
 Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,  
 To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar :  
 How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been !  
 'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Strait he dismounts, repeats his loud commands ;  
 Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands ;  
 With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,  
 His house was full, and ev'ry bed in use.  
 What not a garret, and no straw to spare ?  
 Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair  
 Shall serve for once to nod away the night.  
 The kitchen ever is the servant's right,  
 Replies the host ; there, all the fire around,  
 The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,  
 With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.  
 Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,  
 Our haunted room was ever held the best ;

If then your valour can the fright sustain  
 Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,  
 If your courageous tongue has power to talk,  
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;  
 If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,  
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.  
 Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,  
 The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,  
 Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;  
 She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,  
 While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.  
 And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,  
 And to the lonesome room of terrors went.  
 When all was ready swift retir'd the maid,  
 The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid  
 The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite  
 'Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar  
 Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;  
 Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound  
 Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:  
 When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,  
 Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide;  
 In human form the ghastful phantom stood,  
 Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood,  
 Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,  
 Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath his frightened guest,  
 The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,  
 Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;  
 Then mut'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,  
 And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art?  
 The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,  
 Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes  
 I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.  
 Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,  
 Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!  
 See still the planks the bloody marks retain;  
 Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,  
 And see the steel impending o'er my heart;  
 The barb'rous hostess held the lifted knife,  
 The floor ran purple with my gushing life.

My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil  
 They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,  
 Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,  
 My steps shall lead thee to thy secret prize;  
 There dig and find; let that thy care reward:  
 Call loud on justice, bid her not retard  
 To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest,  
 So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;  
 And when beneath these boards my bones are found,  
 Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,  
 And boldly follows where the phantom led;  
 The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,  
 Where passages obscure their arches bend,  
 Silent they walk; and now through groves they pass,  
 Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass;  
 At length amidst a spacious field they came:  
 There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.  
 Amaz'd he stood, no bush, nor briar was found,  
 To teach his morning search to find the ground;  
 What could he do? the night was hideous dark,  
 Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the MARK;  
 With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,  
 But found the golden MARK was left in bed.



## C H A P. XVI:

## OF FABLES.

**T**HE Fable differs little from the Tale, except in this, that it is allegorical, and generally introduces animals, and things inanimate, as persons discoursing together, and delivering Precepts for the improvement of mankind:

This species of composition was invented, we may suppose, to convey truth in an indirect manner, and under feigned characters, in cases where to speak plainly, and directly to the purpose, might not be so safe or so effect-

tual. We find this use made of it even in the Holy Scriptures. *Jotham's* parable of the trees in the ninth chapter of *Judges* is a kind of Fable, as is also that of *Nathan's* poor man and his lamb; which, as Mr. *Addison* observes, conveyed instruction to the ear of a king without offence, and brought *David* to a proper sense of his guilt, and of his duty. *Æsop*, we may suppose, read his lectures in this manner as well for the sake of safety, as to make them more agreeable; and we are told that in the beginning of the *Roman Commonwealth*, a mutiny was appeased, and the incensed rabble reduced to reason, by a Fable of the belly and the limbs; when a man would have been torn in pieces, perhaps, who had preached the same doctrine to them in any other manner.

It is always expected that these compositions should inculcate some moral, or useful lesson, for when deficient in this respect, they are of little, or no value.—Take an example from Mr. *GAY*.

*The JUGGLERS. A FABLE. By Mr. GAY.*

A JUGGLER long through all the town  
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;  
You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
The devil at his fingers ends.

*Vice* heard his fame, she read his bill;  
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,  
She sought his booth, and from the crowd  
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for flight,  
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,  
Dares he with me dispute the prize?  
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the juggler cry'd, 'tis done.  
In science I submit to none.  
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;  
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd;  
The cards obedient to his words,  
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;  
His little boxes change the grain,  
Trick after trick deludes the train.



He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,  
 His fingers spread, and nothing there.  
 Then bids it rain with showers of gold,  
 And now his iv'ry eggs are told.  
 But when from thence the hen he draws,  
 Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

*Vice* now stept forth and took the place  
 With all the forms of his grimace.

This magick looking-glass, she cries,  
 (There, hand it round) will charm your eyes :  
 Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
 And ev'ry man himself admir'd.  
 Next, to a senator addressing ;  
 See this *Bank-note* ; observe the blessing ;  
 Breathe on the bill, Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone.  
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.  
 A second puff the magick broke,  
 The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,  
 All full, with heady liquor stor'd,  
 By clean conveyance disappear,  
 And now too bloody swords are there.

A purse she to the thief expos'd ;  
 At once his ready fingers clos'd ;  
 He opes his fist, the treasures fled ;  
 He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,  
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows :  
 Blow here, and a church-warden blows.  
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
 And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks.  
 And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meager rake address  
 This picture see ; her shape, her breast !  
 What youth, and what inviting eyes !  
 Hold her, and have her. With surprise,  
 His hand expos'd a box of pills ;  
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,  
 Grew twenty guineas at command ;

She bids his heir the sum retain,  
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with a touch you see  
Take ev'ry shape but Charity;  
And not one thing you saw, or drew,  
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The juggler now, in grief of heart,  
With this submission own'd her art.  
Can I such matchless slight withstand?  
How practice hath improv'd your hand!  
But now and then I cheat the throng;  
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

Mr. Moore has convey'd a very useful and important lesson to the ladies, and represented disagreeable truths in a pleasing manner, by the following Fable.

*The POET and his PATRON. A Fable. By Mr. MOORE.*

Why, *Celia*, is your spreading waist  
So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide,  
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?  
How ill that dress adorns your head,  
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!  
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,  
A little water might displace,  
As nature every morn bestows,  
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.  
Those tresses, as the raven black  
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?  
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.  
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,  
No matter now how loose your dress is;  
The end is won, your fortune's made,  
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find  
This fault in half the female kind!

From hence proceed: aversion, strife,  
 And all that sours the wedded life.  
 Beauty can only point the dart;  
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;  
 Let neatness then, and beauty strive  
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
 To keep the conquest, than subdue;  
 Admit us once behind the screen,  
 What is there farther to be seen?  
 A newer face may raise the flame,  
 But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve  
 The charm, that fix'd your husband's love,  
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,  
 That gave your beauty power to bless?  
 Pursue it still; be neater seen;  
 'Tis always frugal to be clean;  
 So shall you keep alive desire,  
 And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)  
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay;  
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear  
 Apollo and the muses there:  
 Thro' all the town his praises rung,  
 His sonnets at the Play-house sung;  
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,  
 The goddesses *Went* her pinions spread,  
 And with poetic fury fir'd.  
 What *Phæbus* faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth of taste and wit,  
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
 And sought him in his cobweb donee,  
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board;  
 Who, but the Poet and my Lord!  
 Each day, deliciously he dines,  
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;  
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek;  
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;

Astonish'd at the change so new,  
 Away th' inspiring goddess flew.  
 Now, dropt for politics and news,  
 Neglected lay the drooping muse;  
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
 He stifled the poetic flame;  
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,  
 Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.  
 With just contempt his patron saw,  
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)  
 And thus with anger in his look,  
 The late repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,  
 Whence has the sun of favour shone?  
 Delighted with thy tuneful art,  
 Esteem was growing in my heart,  
 But idly thou reject'st the charm,  
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm.  
 Unthinking fools, alone despise  
 The arts, that taught them first to rise.

There is something very original, as well as droll :  
 satyrical, in the following Fable by Mr. *Smart*.

*The BAG-WIG and the TOBACCO-PIPE.*

A bag-wig of a jauntee air,  
 Trick'd up with all a barber's care,  
 Loaded with powder and perfume,  
 Hung in a spend-thrift's dressing room;  
 Close by its side, by chance convey'd,  
 A black tobacco-pipe was laid;  
 And with its vapours far and near  
 Out stunk the essence of monsieur:  
 At which its rage, the thing of hair,  
 Thus, bristling up, began declare:  
 " Bak'd dirt, that with intrusion rude  
 " Breaks in upon my solitude;  
 " And with thy fetid breath defiles  
 " The air for forty thousand miles.—  
 " Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—  
 " Oh barbarous *English*!—horrid *Dutch*!

- " I cannot bear it.—Here, *Sue, Nan*,  
 " Go, call the maid to call the man,  
 " And bid him come without delay,  
 " To take this odious pipe away.—  
 " Hideous! sure some one smok'd thee, friend,  
 " Reversefy at his t'other end.  
 " Oh, what mixt odours! what a throng  
 " Of salt and sour, and stale and strong!  
 " A most unnatural combination,  
 " Enough to mar all perspiration.—  
 " Monstrous!—again—'twou'd vex a faint.  
 " *Susan*, the drops—or else I faint!"—  
 The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of soul)  
 Raising himself upon his bowl,  
 In smok, like oracle of old,  
 Did thus his sentiments unfold:  
 " Why what's the matter, goodman Swagger,  
 " Thou flanting, *French*, fantastic bragger,  
 " Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)  
 " Ridiculous and heterodox.  
 " 'Twas better for the *English* nation  
 " Before such scoundrels came in fashion;  
 " When none sought hair in realms unknown,  
 " But ev'ry blockhead wore his own.  
 " Know, puppy, I'm an *English* pipe,  
 " Deem'd worthy of each *Briton's* gripe;  
 " Who with my cloud-compelling aid  
 " Help our plantations and our trade;  
 " And am, when sober and when mellow,  
 " An upright, downright honest fellow.  
 " Tho' fools, like you, may think me rough,  
 " And scorn me 'cause I am in buff,  
 " Yet your contempt I glad receive,  
 " 'Tis all the fame that you can give.  
 " None finery or fopp'ry prize  
 " But they who've something to disguise;  
 " For simple nature hates abuse,  
 " And PLAINNESS is the dress of USE.

What has been said on the Fable leads me to a consideration of the more sublime and enterprising part of

allegorical poetry ; which gives life and action to virt and vices, to passions and diseases, to natural and mo qualities ; and introduces goblins, fairies, and other in ginary personages and things, acting as divine, hum or infernal beings ; and by that means affords matter a machinery sufficient even for an heroic poem : which I pass'd unregarded by the writers on the Art of Poetry, n withstanding these airy disguises are, as it were, the v quintessence or soul of the science.

END of VOL. I.

